

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JULY, 1863.

THE PERFECTION OF BELIEVERS.

THIRD SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1.

In the two foregoing discourses, I have attempted a response to the questions, 1. *What is the state of grace to which the Scriptures give the name "perfect?"* and 2. *Why should I seek that state of grace?* I propose, in this discourse, to answer a third question, **HOW SHALL I GET IT?**

I. *Resolve to have it.* It is not enough that you love to talk about it, and to pray about it in general, that you have faith in its attainability, that you feel and confess your need of it, and that at times you have some groanings after it. You must set yourself to seek the Lord in this thing. It must become *the* object, the *one all absorbing* object of your soul. Like Paul, aspiring for the crown of martyrdom, you must be able to say, "*this one thing I do*, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ

Jesus." Be in earnest, or you will never get a clean heart.

This resolve to seek it, properly includes the purpose to seek it *now*, to make its attainment, from this moment, the great aim and purpose of the soul, the theme of conversation and study, the burden of desire, the incessant cry of the helpless soul in prayer to God.

Again, this resolve must include the purpose to devote all my future days wholly to God, in the elevated path of piety which I now seek to enter. The idea of seeking to be wholly sanctified for a period, for an emergency, for an occasion, presents a hopeless incompatibility here, which must bar all success and may lead to most disastrous entanglements and delusions.

Again, the resolve to seek the blessing of Perfect Love, includes the resolve to take it with all its consequences. Many, who have fallen in love with holiness in the abstract, and half resolved to have it, have faltered here. Unhappily, holiness is not yet the common standard of attainment in the church. He that reaches it, therefore, and maintains it, will find himself not exactly in sympathy with the great mass of professing Christians. Men will judge of others from their own

stand point, and that is furnished by their own character. You will find yourself constrained to a measure of activity which will sometimes be set down as forwardness. You will have to take it patiently, only assuring yourself that there is nothing in your manner to provoke the criticism, *and work on*. Your motives will be misunderstood, your professions may be set down as fanatical, or Pharisaical, and it may be that some, to whom you look for guidance and support, will stand aloof from you, and only watch for your halting. Meantime, depend upon it, Satan will assail you, sooner or later, with great violence; for he hates holiness as he hates God.

You will understand therefore, that there is really no such thing as seeking holiness in the abstract. You must bow your neck to this yoke of Christ and consent to receive it, with all its attendant crosses and trials.

But be not disheartened, my brother, my sister; these sacrifices and difficulties contain within themselves the elements of a needful discipline, and, if faithful to your vows under them, you will constantly find them compensated by abounding consolations from above, and by the ties of a new friendship with those of like precious faith, more sweet, and tender, and pure than any bliss known to a feebleness of faith.

And now, my dear friend, before we leave this point in our talk, shall we not try to come practically up to it? *Can you, will you, do you* now resolve to have it? Do you consent to stand henceforth among that band who seek *only* the glory of God? And will you take full salvation with all its consequences? Settle the question of eternity to-day. No unclean thing can enter heaven. The rejection of grace

—any measure of grace distinctly proffered and pressed upon the soul's acceptance—is the rejection of Christ. *O for the purpose to be holy!*

II. *Your next step must be to review and renew your consecration.* I beg you don't misunderstand me here. Some talk of consecrating themselves *entirely* when seeking a full salvation, as if something less than entire consecration would suffice to bring the soul into a state of justifying grace. I say therefore review and renew your consecration. *Review* it because now you are in possession of more light than you ever were before perhaps, and it is important that you should know just at this point whether all your being is fully surrendered up to God for time and eternity; and *renew* it because now while God is offering you a new measure of light and power he is about to call you to some new fields of labor and to new crosses and trials. He will certainly demand that the new measures of grace he is about to bestow shall be used, and therefore, just as you are approaching the blessing of perfect love, you are approaching the labors and conflicts that are incident to it. Will you meet them? Do you gain all your heart's consent to this closer walk with God? this perpetual obedience to your highest convictions, this complete abandonment of yourself to all the will of God, without waiting to know what that will may be? Will you follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? Will you live for Christ—in your family—in the Church—in the world? Will you talk for Christ, write for Christ, do business for Christ and if need be die for Christ? Will you give him your talents, your will, your memory, your reason, your affections, your family, your reputation, your

wealth? And do you now bind this sacrifice of all upon the altar that you may enter at once into the bonds of an everlasting covenant, never to be broken? Can you say, in reference to all these things and to every other known thing,

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done."

This question of consecration is the point that demands your scrutiny, and may cost you a struggle. Don't try to believe yourself saved till you are consciously in a state of complete consecration to God, according to the fullest light he may give you. Don't employ your time in trying to persuade your heavenly Father to sanctify you wholly, while you are conscious that you are not yet consecrated at every point. Don't try to make yourself worthy or deserving of the blessing you seek. A struggle at any of these points will do you no good, will bring you no nearer the great salvation. Your struggle is to get your own consent to all the points of a complete and perpetual consecration of all to God. Cry for help here. Pray, struggle, agonize for this very thing. God will give you the victory, even "a heart in every thought subdued," and sweetly submissive to his will as a child that is weaned of his mother. O the ineffable sweetness of complete resignation. Just here is rest. Rest from our own works, our own ways, our own clamorous desires and all the eagerness of self. You should not rest, my brother, till you have consciously reached that point; you may, you ought to rest when you do reach it.

If you have been attentive thus far, you will have caught my idea of a full consecration, and of its importance. But there is still another step which you must take to enter the land of rest

from inbred sin, the land of finished holiness.

III. *You must Believe.* At this point many have found great difficulties. Let me present the subject of faith to you in as simple a light as possible. There is commonly some specific truth of God's word on which the mind fastens in the act of faith, and realizes that truth as spoken by God to the soul. Receiving and appropriating that truth it receives God, and is that moment saved. Some have seemed to think that, in order to salvation, each person must believe a particular truth and that all persons must fix upon *the same truth*. Some have gone so far as to state specifically just what formula is to be believed in every case; and, still more surprising, have not employed even the language of the Scriptures in the formula. Now as I apprehend it, nothing could be wider of the mark than such a requisition upon a man inquiring the way of faith. "Abraham believed in the Lord and he counted it to him for righteousness." See Gen. xv. 6. He believed a specific promise which God had made to him, touching an event yet in the future, and in itself quite improbable. No other person has ever achieved the victory of faith in exactly the same way since, I suppose, nor, so far as I have observed, do any two persons in the process of salvation find their faith fixing on one and the same text of Scripture. The Eunuch appears to have simply embraced the Messiahship of Jesus. Acts viii. 37. The cripple at Lystra "had faith to be healed," Acts xiv. 9, and John says, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."

The truth is, each statement and promise of "the Word" stands alike on the veracity of God, and a cordial

reception of any one promise, is a reliance upon, and an endorsement of the whole.

Supposing, therefore, that your consecration is now consciously complete, let me attempt to aid your faith. You are authorized to soliloquize thus: God has required me to make this full surrender—God has given me the *desire* to make it; he has given me the *light* and the *power*, and in the use of the grace he has bestowed, I have made it—a surrender more comprehensive and thorough than I ever made, or knew to make before. *It is all of God.* He has wrought in me to will and to do of his good pleasure. He will not mock a sinful worm. He will not deny himself. He means to save me—*me*; the vile, sinful creature that I am. Nay he *is* saving me; for all these steps are of the nature of salvation. And now what is it but that God, who said to me, “Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you,” has himself already so enlightened and strengthened and drawn me that I do fully come out and separate myself from sinners and present my body—my being—a living sacrifice unto him. *Will he not receive me?* He said he would; therefore he will—he does. I *dare* believe—I dare not disbelieve—I *do* believe—thou dost receive me. “The just shall live by faith,” and I will live by faith.

Just here you must fasten; must hold on, with a steadfast faith. You have reached the haven. With much toiling and rowing your vessel is at the very pier. Make fast by faith, or the very next tide shall sweep you out to sea again. Thus it is with many. “If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.” “This is the victory

that overcometh the world, even our faith.”

MEMENTO.

“*To live is Christ, but to die is gain.*”

BY PHEBE P. DALEY.

Yes, my friend, just across the Jordan of death, lies our promised possession, our eternal *home*. Then why does the Christian so cling to this frail life—which at every step presents pitfalls for the feet of the unguarded? Methinks if we did oftener ascend the mount, and view as did Moses, our peaceful, happy home, we should not be so content to linger here in the wilderness; or rather, we should be more willing to “*cross over*” when we are summoned home. This earth is very beautiful; in the beginning it received from its Creator the well-deserved praise, “very good;”—but that is no reason why we should be so loth to leave it, when invited to a better. Will the child be less willing to enter a luxuriant garden—where flowers of every hue and form, make fragrant the very air, because he may chance to have found now and then a beautiful Wild Rose upon the common? Ah no! The little which we see of God in his works *here*, should make our hearts burn with desire to see him “as he is.” Some time since a dear friend and sister, HANNAH D. MUDGE—passed from a happy home here, to her happier home in heaven. Her life was useful and happy—her death was triumphant.

“I am almost home,” she quietly sighs,
As the mists of death cloud her beaming eyes,
The heavenly hills rise so plain to view—
My heart is strengthened to say adieu!

“I am almost home! I shall soon be there;
I shall soon forget every earthly care,
In the light of heaven I soon shall see
What *love divine* hath prepared for me.

"I *had* thought it hard from you all to go,
To lay me down in the grave so low—
But now I can bid you a cheerful adieu,
His grace is sufficient to carry me through.

"Then weep not, mother, O weep not for me;
I am willing to die, my Saviour to see,
Your love is so tender, so pure and so true—
But the angels are waiting—adieu! adieu!"

Then a tender "farewell" to each loved one
she gave,
As the waters of Jordan her feet gently lave;
And an anthem of *praise* takes the place of
her sighs,
As she mounts from the earth to her home in
the skies.

Milan, Ohio.

EXPERIENCE.

BY C. A. S.

I love the Lord and his people, and it is my delight to do his holy will. It is now about eleven years since God for Christ's sake forgave me my sins. I never had a doubt of it; I knew that I was justified through faith. I was happy for three months. Then I began to feel that there was something more I needed. On examination of my heart I found sin remaining. I read the memoir of Carvosso which gave me an increased desire to be holy. I read my Bible. I found that without holiness no man should see God. What should I do? I wanted to see God. I had trials of the flesh to contend with. I needed more grace, I tried to do and live right. My cry was continually, "O Lord, send deliverance;" and he did. He made me to rejoice, but not without passing through great temptation. Eight years had now passed away and I had not received the blessing I so earnestly desired; but the Spirit of God was still moving—and, O, how long-suffering and forbearing our God is! not willing that any should perish, but that all might be saved.

When I think of his waiting so long for me, poor me, to give my heart—my sin-polluted heart,—my undivided affections—I am overwhelmed; and that is not all, dear reader. He even told me to cast my burdens upon him, for he careth for me; still I delayed.

In 1859 I heard a sermon from those words, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." I felt those words; yes, that text was for me, and as the man of God went on to explain, he asked, "Are you willing to be crucified, are you willing to be hung up before the world nailed as it were to the cross of Christ?" I returned home and pondered upon what I had heard. The questions came, am I willing to be anything for Christ? But, O, what temptations I had to bear—what besetments—it seemed that the world, the flesh and all the powers of the adversary had combined to oppose me. I still struggled on through deep rivers, the waters seeming to overflow me; notwithstanding I was determined to press onward and put on the whole armor of God—the shield of faith, my feet firmly fixed upon the Rock of ages that I might be able to quench all the fiery darts of the enemy.

A person to whom I was relating my sad experience advised me to take the *Guide*. I did so immediately, and have reason to thank God for its benefits to me. At length, I was, by the preaching of the Word of God and grace combined, enabled to throw myself wholly on Christ, feeling that of myself I could do nothing. It was about two weeks after I had made the dedication, that I received the blessing of perfect love in all its fullness. I saw and felt my inability to do any-

thing without the help of my blessed Jesus—he upon whom my hopes depend for this life and the life which is to come. I feel, day by day, that he is able to save me to the uttermost, and that his blood cleanseth from all sin. I know that I am one of the little ones, praise the Lord! and have the promise that I shall never perish. I have overcome through the blood of the Lamb. Glory to the Lamb! I still feel that there are lengths and breadths, heights and depths, that I have not attained to, but my motto is, onward and upward; and my soul continually cries, “None but Jesus, none but Jesus,” all I have and am is his. I have given all for Christ. I have bidden farewell to sin. Farewell, farewell—again I say farewell!

My pen still lingers. Could I but say one word to that desponding soul, who has been seeking so long for this hidden manna—yes, this pearl of great price—what a pleasure it would be to me. O could my voice—the voice within my soul—reach some mistaken, hungry, pining heart, how would I tell of *food* whose taste is life, and *good* whose joy is more than happiness. How would I tear the soiled and tinsel-garments all away. My Father’s home has room; praise the Lord! Then come, my brother or sister, whoever you are; it matters not what your circumstances are in life, our God is no respecter of persons; all he requires is that you “feel your need of him;” and the “Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.”

Counsel and wisdom achieve more and greater exploits than force.

HOLINESS SIMPLIFIED.

BY NOAH STOWELL.

Some deny original sin, and suppose man’s nature holy, until there is transgression in the exercise of moral agency; that all moral evil consists in volition and action; others believe every soul a new creation, and necessarily holy, until there is sin in act: either of these theories places the subject of sanctification in a very different light from that of inspiration; which teaches that we “are by nature the children of wrath,” and that “by one man’s disobedience many were made sinners.” In order to provide a holy nature, to be united with divinity in the person of the Son, for the great purposes of redemption, a miraculous display of divine power was indispensable. “The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee,” &c., from which we infer that our Saviour was the only instance since the fall, of human nature perfectly holy. In one instance however, an individual was sanctified from his birth; but if he had been naturally holy, sanctification, (in the sense of purification,) would have been unnecessary. From these considerations therefore, we conclude that man is by nature sinful, and must have something more than the forgiveness of sins, and reformation of life. “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” Christ prayed for his disciples, “Sanctify them through thy truth.” St. Paul prays, “The very God of peace sanctify you wholly,” &c. The Thessalonians were Christians, but stood in need of entire sanctification; no Christian should rest at all without this great salvation. How

is it possible to retain a justified relation without it while conscious that it is the will of God? The positive command is, "Be ye holy;" and is not any violation of the law a bar to justification? It is thought that some have been justified and sanctified at the same time; though the instances of it I must think exceedingly rare, but however this may be, all who are not, should be encouraged to look immediately for cleansing power. The want of this "going on" is the great source of so much backsliding in the Church.

Let none suppose that to be sanctified is the highest point of Christian attainment in this life; or if this should take place, that the subject could no longer live in this world. It is the only full preparation for "soul, body and spirit" to "be preserved blameless." It lays the only permanent basis for "growing in grace;" for how can faith increase in strength, and power, to take hold on God, when we are doubting much of the time? How can humility acquire greater depth and permanency, while we are exalted with success and prosperity, or are dejected, and murmuring at disappointment and adversity? How can patience become more and more enduring, and quietly meet the unavoidable provocations of this life, while we are restless and fretful, at opposition and insult?

There is but little difference between the outward conduct of the justified, and of the sanctified believer; no person can commit sin and remain justified, while the sanctified, in practice, do no more than all the will of God. The difference lies in the heart; in the former, evil desires and inclinations may exist in the soul, but are held under control so as not to appear in act;

while in the latter, he "thinketh no evil," "every thought is in captivity to the obedience of Christ." Thought, to become sinful, must assume the form of desire; sinfulness may enter and occupy the mind, either by our voluntarily desiring the wrong, or by being overcome through unbelief in not fully trusting in God to keep us from all evil.

Bible holiness is not produced by cultivation, but is *received*; we are "partakers of his holiness;" "Christ is made of God unto us sanctification;" "The temple of God is holy which temple are ye;" the Holy Ghost, the sanctifier, "shall be with you;" thus the Holy Trinity, in the fulness of divine love comes to us, and makes his abode with us, while "his purity we share." As there is no change in the purity of divine love, the same that filled the hearts of the first holy pair in Eden, may fill the heart of every believer in Christ. Perfect purity, Lord give it us; "all are yours," in the name of Christ.

Although this purity may be fully realized in this life, giving us "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and the glory continually increasing, "as the shining light, shining more and more" &c.; yet we may not expect original perfection until we pass to the heavenly state. No doubt much has been lost by the fall. We are subject to many infirmities, errors in judgment, and failings of various kinds. Nervous debility also often disturbs the operations of the mental faculties, so that under these circumstances we are not capable of fully obeying a law adapted to man's original state. Without an atonement all the claims of the divine law would remain upon the entire race; and this is the very reason why the high priest under

the law must enter into the holy place once every year, and offer a sacrifice "for himself and for the errors of the people;" pointing to the great sacrifice of Christ, who "by one offering hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." Now therefore, instead of doubting our acceptance with God, on account of these unavoidable imperfections of our present state, we shall sweetly rest in the atonement, to render us just as acceptable in the sight of God, as though we had them not. O what a source of comfort, to feel that our whole being is an "acceptable sacrifice through Jesus Christ."

To be concluded.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

Why should the child of Jesus mourn,
While ling'ring here below?
Why should he grope beneath a cloud,
E'en all his journey through?

Why should he fear to say, "I know
That my Redeemer lives,"
Why should he doubt the love of him
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Who left the Comforter to breathe,
"Thy sins are all forgiven;"
And give, e'en in this vale of tears,
A sweet foretaste of Heaven.

God calls us children, heirs of His,
And joint heirs with his Son,—
Heirs of a rich inheritance,
A never fading crown.

What tho' we meet with conflicts here,
And deep afflictions know,—
Did not our "elder Brother" taste
The same, when here below?

He knows, he pities all our grief,
Beneath the chastening rod,
Who gave himself to purchase us,
A heritage of God.

THE law of reciprocity is universal between man and man, and between earth and heaven.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARY AMELIA BOICE.

BY S. D. RICE.

The subject of the following sketch was the daughter of Wm. Boice, Esq., Recording Steward of the Hamilton City Circuit, C. W. She was born at Picton, on the 20th day of December, 1842, and fell asleep in Jesus on the 18th day of December, 1862; exchanging her pleasant and loved home of earth for a "home in heaven." From recollections treasured in her mother's heart, it would seem that her infant years were marked by a very unusual recognition of accountability to God, and it is probable that her personal responsibility began at a very early age. The period which is marked as the beginning of her "higher life," was in 1850, when Bro. Gemley was stationed at Dundas; she then professed to find peace with God, and, at eight years of age, as a member of his class, she became identified with the church of her parent's choice, and it is not known that she ever, even in her heart, went aside from the choice of her childhood. Her progressive piety and triumphant death, give another testimony to the possibility of genuine conversions in childhood.

In judging of her character, we are at no loss as to its main features, and yet find it difficult to fill up the outlines, so as to give a truthful representation. If she was not reserved, she was naturally of a retiring disposition, so that, to strangers, she would appear distant; but her genial temper and genuine kindness of heart, and the frankness of her manner to those with whom she associated on intimate terms, gave her a very wide circle of intimate and tenderly attached friends. The princi-

pal characteristic of her religious life was faithfulness to duty. This appeared when she was but a girl of sixteen. Her parents being absent, she assembled the household, read the Scriptures and led the family devotions; a fine example of thoughtful piety, and an assurance of what course she would pursue in her future life. Her school days were marked by the same faithfulness. The uniform report was that of cheerful obedience to rule and persevering devotion to her studies; and yet her religious duties and purposes were held by her as paramount to those of study.

In 1860, she was taken by her father to England, and placed in a boarding school in London. Her first act, amidst the new and enchanting scenes of the great metropolis, as recorded in a journal of her daily life, (which, from its form, was evidently never intended for any eyes but her own,) was, earnestly upon her knees, to ask the blessing of God upon her in her effort to obtain the greatest benefit from the opportunities with which she was favored. She uniformly took time, by a judicious plan, executed under many difficulties, to have private communion with God, and, with scarce an exception, she was ever at her class. Though nearly alone in her religious course, her faithfulness stood out the more distinct, and with God's blessing, which she so earnestly invoked at the beginning, she stood first in the school at the annual examination.

Another feature of her faithfulness was the carefulness which marked her letters home, while they exhibit no mawkish sentimentality, they manifest a fine flow of pure affection, mingled with statements of the manner in which she had met her mother's

wishes; the books she read, the manner in which she disposed of her time, the yearning of her heart for home, the earnest prayer she put up for all, and the desire with which she counted the weeks till she should greet her loved and honored father, and leave her school to return to the endearments of her beloved home. True to nature, she was faithful to the counsels of home, while in London, as when by her own father's fireside. Forbidden amusements were around her, and she had many enticements to join in them; but parental warning, and the echo of the Saviour's voice, held her to duty, and she did not yield.

She returned to America, in 1861, and entered on the duties of home and of the church. From being a child to be cared for, she had become a companion to her mother, and happily for her, she confided her heart's secrets and opened its deepest exercises to her. They talked together of religion, of the past and the future. Her time was given cheerfully to household duties, and to the church of which, now for nearly twelve years, she had been a member. Her place as teacher in the Sabbath School was not vacant when it was possible for her to be there, and her attendance at the weekly preaching, prayer meeting and class was entirely uniform. But though she was so faithful to duty and to the means of grace, yet she was so quiet in her spirit that it was not until she was removed from us that we were aware how much of positive and earnest life there was under that unobtrusive manner.

During the recent revival in this city, she became an earnest laborer, and was seen passing from one to another in the church, urging them to give their hearts to God; then ret

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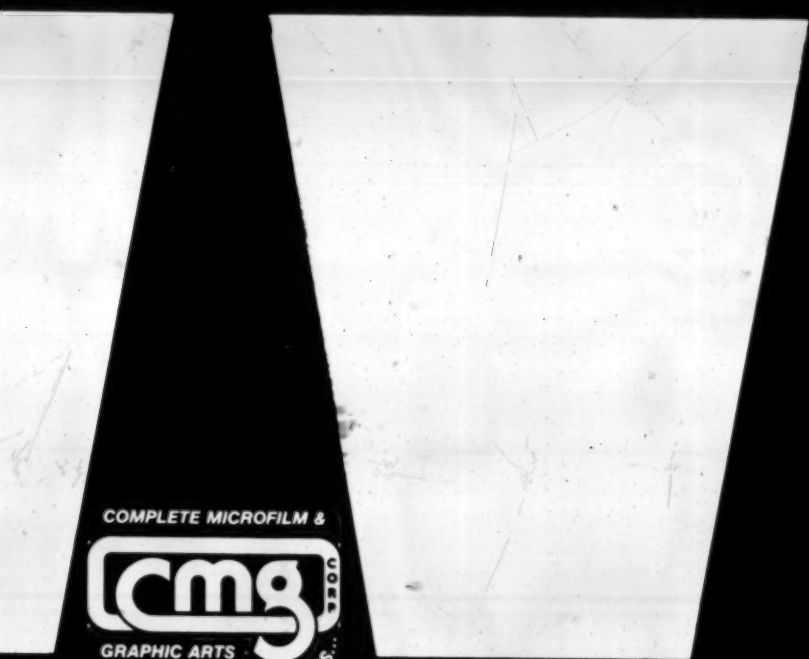
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BY S. D. RICE.

The subject of the following sketch was the daughter of Wm. Boice, Esq., Recording Steward of the Hamilton City Circuit, C. W. She was born at Picton, on the 20th day of December, 1842, and fell asleep in Jesus on the 18th day of December, 1862; exchanging her pleasant and loved home of earth for a "home in heaven." From recollections treasured in her mother's heart, it would seem that her infant years were marked by a very unusual recognition of accountability to God, and it is probable that her personal responsibility began at a very early age. The period which is marked as the beginning of her "higher life," was in 1850, when Bro. Gemley was stationed at Dundas; she then professed to find peace with God, and, at eight years of age, as a member of his class, she became identified with the church of her parent's choice, and it is not known that she ever, even in her heart, went aside from the choice of her childhood. Her progressive piety and triumphant death, give another testimony to the possibility of genuine conversions in childhood.

In judging of her character, we are at no loss as to its main features, and yet find it difficult to fill up the outlines, so as to give a truthful representation. If she was not reserved, she was naturally of a retiring disposition, so that, to strangers, she would appear distant; but her genial temper and genuine kindness of heart, and the frankness of her manner to those with whom she associated on intimate terms, gave her a very wide circle of intimate and tenderly attached friends. The princi-

pal characteristic of her religious life was faithfulness to duty. This appeared when she was but a girl of sixteen. Her parents being absent, she assembled the household, read the Scriptures and led the family devotions; a fine example of thoughtful piety, and an assurance of what course she would pursue in her future life. Her school days were marked by the same faithfulness. The uniform report was that of cheerful obedience to rule and persevering devotion to her studies; and yet her religious duties and purposes were held by her as paramount to those of study.

In 1860, she was taken by her father to England, and placed in a boarding school in London. Her first act, amidst the new and enchanting scenes of the great metropolis, as recorded in a journal of her daily life, (which, from its form, was evidently never intended for any eyes but her own,) was, earnestly upon her knees, to ask the blessing of God upon her in her effort to obtain the greatest benefit from the opportunities with which she was favored. She uniformly took time, by a judicious plan, executed under many difficulties, to have private communion with God, and, with scarce an exception, she was ever at her class. Though nearly alone in her religious course, her faithfulness stood out the more distinct, and with God's blessing, which she so earnestly invoked at the beginning, she stood first in the school at the annual examination.

Another feature of her faithfulness was the carefulness which marked her letters home, while they exhibit no mawkish sentimentality, they manifest a fine flow of pure affection, mingled with statements of the manner in which she had met her mother's

wishes; the books she read, the manner in which she disposed of her time, the yearning of her heart for home, the earnest prayer she put up for all, and the desire with which she counted the weeks till she should greet her loved and honored father, and leave her school to return to the endearments of her beloved home. True to nature, she was faithful to the counsels of home, while in London, as when by her own father's fireside. Forbidden amusements were around her, and she had many enticements to join in them; but parental warning, and the echo of the Saviour's voice, held her to duty, and she did not yield.

She returned to America, in 1861, and entered on the duties of home and of the church. From being a child to be cared for, she had become a companion to her mother, and happily for her, she confided her heart's secrets and opened its deepest exercises to her. They talked together of religion, of the past and the future. Her time was given cheerfully to household duties, and to the church of which, now for nearly twelve years, she had been a member. Her place as teacher in the Sabbath School was not vacant when it was possible for her to be there, and her attendance at the weekly preaching, prayer meeting and class was entirely uniform. But though she was so faithful to duty and to the means of grace, yet she was so quiet in her spirit that it was not until she was removed from us that we were aware how much of positive and earnest life there was under that unobtrusive manner.

During the recent revival in this city, she became an earnest laborer, and was seen passing from one to another in the church, urging them to give their hearts to God; then return-

ing, and kneeling before God in her pew and pleading for his blessing on his own work.

A few days before she was taken sick, she and her mother were in familiar converse on religious experience and feeling; in the course of which she remarked that upon analyzing her feelings, though the future of life with her was full of hope, pleasing with bright prospects, she could not say, if the choice were allowed her, whether she could decide either as to life or death. With a will so submissive to the will of God, and in earnest sympathy with the work of God, she was taken ill. On Friday evening, at meeting, she felt so unwell that she left before the meeting closed. Her mother found her very ill, and means were immediately employed to obtain relief; but no real relief was obtained. She suffered very much, but her mind was kept in great peace. To be in her room to talk and pray with her, was to be "quite on the verge of heaven." She took leave of her friends with heart-breaking affection. Her joy on her brother's professed subjection to Christ seemed boundless; her love to Christ was perfected. There was no death; she saw not the King of Terrors. On Thursday morning it was evident she was near her resting place. She tried to speak, and asked her mother to help her say what she wished to utter, but had not the power. Many things were suggested, but none answered to the wish she would express. Her father began to sing,

"My heavenly home is bright and fair,"

When she said, "that is it." So she wished to say, "sing to me of heaven." And while he sang,

"I'm going home to die no more,"

In faint tones she repeated the words, and as the words passed her lips, her spirit passed to their eternal realization.

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." *Paul.*

O deem not, pilgrim, that thy path is right,
Nor rashly reason it must needs be so,
Because prosperity makes all things bright
And gilds thy progress with a golden glow!
The smoothest way is never free from snares,
And wayside wild-flowers intermix with
weeds;

The smiles of fortune often gender cares,
And human hope to disappointment leads.

Nor judge, my brother, that thy path is wrong,
Nor idly argue, it must needs be so,
Because thy pilgrimage is rough and long,
And stormy winds around thee fiercely blow.
The rugged road, though tiresome and severe,
The baffling windings of thy climbing course—
The blinding mists that dim thy prospect
drear,—

May come from heaven, to lead thee to their
source.

'Tis not for mortals, with imperfect skill,
To sound the secrets of his perfect plan
Who deals out wisely, both of good and ill,
Time's talents, more or less, to every man.
The peaceful lot, apart from care and strife—
The sterner state of struggling toil, and tears,
Alike are fitting ministries of life
To guide us to our being's destined spheres.

If favored then, with an o'erflowing cup—
If bounteous blessings on thy head be poured,
Use well the charge thou soon must render up,
As faithful steward of thy absent Lord.
If hardship be thy well appointed trust,
And storm, sweep o'er thee, till thy race be
run,

Still, as a servant, be thou wise and just,
And thine shall be the welcome word, "*Well
done!*"

Greenock.

W. S.

It is a great mercy to enjoy the gospel of peace; but a greater, to enjoy the peace of the gospel.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness."

How touchingly is this prophecy of the gospel fulfilled in the successful efforts of the Christian Church to give the Bible to the blind. In London, a society has been formed, the object of which is to provide Bibles with raised letters, for the instruction and use of the blind, and also to furnish teachers for them. A correspondent in that city, writes to the Presbyterian Banner the following interesting and affecting incidents in connection with this movement:

"We have in London a society for supplying books in embossed type, and home teachers to instruct the blind in their use, so as to enable them to read the Scriptures. This society has auxiliaries—ever increasing—throughout the country. It is thoroughly catholic and evangelical in its spirit, and has for its president the Earl of Shaftesbury. There are 2,300 blind persons in London, of whom 700 have been taught to read the Word of God. In the country there are 150 blind teachers. Since the society began its operations six years ago, 2,300 blind persons have learned to read. The blind in *foreign* lands are also being cared for—in Sweden, in Germany, in India, as well as in *Egypt* and *China*, where the numbers of the blind are lamentably great. A young blind Chinese woman, who was converted in England, has, since her return home, been principally engaged in teaching the blind to read, by means of the embossed copies of Luke's gospel, in the Ningpo dialect. *Two of her pupils have since been baptized.*

"The spiritual effects of the movement are marked; and what gives it a peculiar and touching interest is, that blind persons, themselves taught to read, are employed as blind Bible-men, or Bible-women, to give light and life to those who are blind, blessing them in turn. A poor blind man, having been thus taught, was the means of evangelizing the whole street in London where he lived; an infidel was fairly driven away from it, and vile persons either left the place or became sober and pure. The consolation also thus afforded in cases of intense suffering is great. There recently died an aged Christian, who had been nine years blind, and had been one of the first pupils of the society. At sixty-four years of age he was, with difficulty, induced to try to learn to read. 'After one good lesson, he was able to read our alphabet.' Prostrated by disease for thirteen months, he could only lie on one side, and endured great agony. 'But a book was his companion as constantly as a pillow at his head, and *the wondrous and gracious words which passed under his fingers* arrested his attention, when the paroxysm came and soothed his pain. 'Here I am!' he could exclaim, 'in the furnace of affliction, but I have a helper.'"

"The effect of the reading in the open air by a blind man, at the City Road Canal Bridge, whom I have often passed, as he was repeating aloud what his fingers ran over, is thus indicated in one remarkable case: 'A few persons were collected round a blind man, who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. Receiving from the passers by of their carnal things, he was ministering to them spiritual things. A gentleman on his

way home from the city was led by curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of Acts, lost his place, and while trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last clause he had read—"None other name—none other name—none other name." Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment; but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying, in many ways, to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits, all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load, and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music in his soul—"None other name!" When he reached his home, and retired to rest, these words, like evening chime from village tower nestling among the trees, were still heard—"NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME!" And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like matin bells saluting the morn, the strain continued—"NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME!" The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. "I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save. To him I will look. Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name—none other name—none other name—under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." " " "

BEAUTIFUL things are suggestive of a purer and higher life.

ASKING FATHER.

A gentleman of fine social qualities, always ready to make liberal provision for the gratification of his children, a man of science, and a moralist of the strictest school, was skeptical in regard to prayer, thinking it superfluous to ask God for what nature had already furnished ready to hand. His eldest son became a disciple of Christ. The father, while recognizing a happy change in the spirit and deportment of the youth, still harped upon his old objection to prayer, as unphilosophical and unnecessary.

"I remember," said the son, "that I once made free use of your pictures, specimens, and instruments for the entertainment of my friends. When you came home, you said to me, 'All that I have belongs to my children, and I have provided it on purpose for them; still, I think *it would be respectful always to ask your father before taking anything.*' And so," added the son, "although God has provided everything for me, I think it is respectful to ask him, and to thank him for what I use."

The skeptic was silenced; and he has since admitted that he has never been able to invent an answer to this simple, personal, sensible argument for prayer.—*Congregationalist.*

BE COURTEOUS.—Austerus is a solid and exemplary Christian. * * * Inflexibly and invariably true to his principles, he stems with a noble singularity the torrent of the world, and can neither be bribed nor intimidated from the path of duty. He is a rough diamond of great intrinsic value, and would sparkle with distinguished lustre if he were polished: but though the word of God is his daily

study, and he prizes the precepts, as well as the promises, more than thousands of gold and silver, there is one precept he seems to have overlooked; I mean that of the Apostle, "Be courteous." Instead of that gentleness and condescension which will always be expected from a professed follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, there is a harshness in his manner which makes him more admired than beloved; and they who truly love him, often feel more constraint than pleasure in his company. His intimate friends are satisfied that he is no stranger to true humility of heart; but these are few. By others he is thought proud, dogmatic and self-important; nor can this prejudice against him be easily removed, until he can lay aside that cynical air which he has unhappily contracted.

BE YE HOLY.

I would have you attend to the full significance and extent of the term "holy." It is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone—it is not a mere recoil from impurity in thought. It is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very conception of evil is offensive; it is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart, as of a citadel or inviolated sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not purity of action that we contend for; it is exalted purity of heart—the ethereal purity of the third heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it brings the peace, the triumph, and the untroubled serenity of heaven along with it—I had almost said, the pride of a great moral victory over the infirmities of an earthly and accursed nature: there is a health and harmony

in the soul; a beauty which, though it effloresces in the countenance and the outward path, is itself so thoroughly internal as to make purity of heart the most distinctive guidance of a character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.—*Chalmers.*

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

Watching, waiting for the morning,
For the blessed light to dawn,
When the horrors and the darkness
Of this fearful war is gone;
When sweet Peace, on snowy pinions,
Joyfully shall hover o'er,
And the glorious songs of Freedom
Echo back from shore to shore.

Watching, waiting for the morning,
When, with sound of fife and drum,
Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers,
Back to their loved homes shall come;
Worn and weary, sick and wounded,
Scarred and crippled though they be,
Yet rejoicing they had aided
In the cause of Liberty.

Watching, waiting for the morning,
Poor black slaves, with eager eyes,
For the blessed sun of Freedom,
Rising in these Northern skies;
When the chains that long have bound them
Powerless in the dust shall fall,
And the free, glad light of heaven
Beam and brighten over all.

Watching, waiting for the morning,
When, within its radiant light,
This foul stain of dark oppression
Shall be veiled from human sight;
When upon our proud escutcheons
Every eye shall then behold,
"Peace our watchword is, and Freedom!"
Graven there in lines of gold.

Watching, waiting for the morning—
Blessed Master, bid it dawn
When the horrors and the darkness
Of this fearful war are gone;
When sweet Peace, on snowy pinions,
Joyfully shall hover o'er,
And our bright "Star-Spangled Banner"
Waves o'er all from shore to shore.

GO TO GOD FOR EVERYTHING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"But," says one, "how can I have the face to draw near to God when my troubles are not religious troubles; when my difficulties are all of a lower and secular kind? and how can I bring such things as these to God?"

Oh, then, your thought of God has been that he only interested himself in religious things. How did he come to make a body for you?

Nothing is unimportant which has a relation to that immortality in which you are to stand. Your troubles and pains are as important to God as the chant of angels. All the incidents and accidents of life are instruments in the formation of your soul-life. There is not a thing in a man from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, that has not more or less to do with the fashioning of his eternal condition. If you bring your secular troubles, your every day affairs, to God oftener, you will find more freshness and joy in religious life. One reason why the religious life of people is so impoverished and so conventional is, that they do not carry personality with it. It is not their daily life. The things that are strongest on them and about them, are not the things that belong to their religion. The power of their life goes in one channel, and their religion in another. But the power of a man's life and his religion must go together, or he can not be thoroughly and truly a Christian, or have the full enjoyment of Christianity. Then carry your clothes to God; carry your mistakes to him. Go to him with the thousand infelicities that make you unhappy, and other people about you unhappy. Go not irreverently, not heedlessly,

but penetrated with this feeling, that as the summer is made up of myriads of little things, that suits its abundance and wealth, so your life is made up of these little things.

WESLEY'S ADVICE TO A MINISTER.

John Wesley knew the importance of studious habits on the part of his preachers. To an indolent one he gave the following appropriate admonition: "Your talent in preaching does not increase; it is about the same as it was seven years ago; it is lively, but not deep; there is little variety, there is no compass of thought. Reading alone can supply this, with daily meditation and daily prayer. You wrong yourself greatly by omitting this. You can never be a deep preacher without it any more than a thorough Christian. O begin! fix some part of every day for private exercises. You may acquire the taste which you have not; what is tedious at first will afterward be pleasant, whether you like it or not. Read and pray daily. It is for your life; there is no other way; else you will be a trifler all your days, and a petty, superficial preacher. Do justice to your own soul; give it time and means to grow. Do not starve yourself any longer."

FORBEARANCE.—To be able to bear a provocation is indicative of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of a great mind. Has any one injured you? Bear it with patience. Hasty words rankle the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, forgetfulness takes away the sore.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, or perhaps forgive."—*Cooper*.

LETTER FROM KEY WEST, FLA.

We find our hearts greatly cheered occasionally by the receipt of such letters as the following.

Eds.

KEY WEST, FLA., Feb. 12th, 1863.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN:—I received your letter explaining the cause of the failure of our Guides, which must certainly be perfectly satisfactory to all interested in them. I was very glad to learn there was no reason why we should not receive them during the present year. We also received the Guides, shortly after the receipt of the letter, and the article in one number, entitled "The Guide appreciated," expresses my sentiments in regard to it far better than I could have done it myself. Although I missed them sadly, I did not know how much I was losing, until I commenced reading them again. Many and various causes have combined lately to cast me down. I have truly been in "heaviness through manifold temptations" and at such times "the enemy comes in like a flood." Although in "the strength of Jesus, I still feel I never will give up my shield," my evidence of entire sanctification had become clouded. As I have taken up a Guide from time to time since the receipt of the missing numbers, I have been refreshed and strengthened, until while reading an article last evening in the October number, from the pen of J. A. Wood, my confidence was perfectly restored, and I realized, that "when comforts are declining he grants the soul again a season of *clear shining* to cheer it after rain." I think I rest more *simply* upon Christ, "precious Christ," now than I have ever done before. "What shall I render to the Lord for *all* his benefits to me?" Time and language fail me to express the thoughts and

feelings that rush to my mind and heart.

"Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." Now is it not plain that I should be depriving my soul of a necessary article of food, by failing to take the Guide during the coming year? Send it to me by all means; and remember, at the throne of grace, your sister in Christ.

H. A. Howe.

REST—Just ahead, perhaps, at the terminus of the dark, thorny, narrow path, where panting, faint and weary, thou art now groping, sometimes almost ready to despair. Cheer thee up, Christian pilgrim! Thou art almost there. A few more wounds from the cruel thorns, that hedge thee from the world, and its garish lights and fleeting joys, and thou shalt rest. And thou poor tempest-tossed one upon the stormy waves of life, be thou undismayed. Though fierce billows lash thy frail bark, and cold heavy surges break over thee, while dark clouds are lowering above, and muttering thunders are heard in the distance! cheer up! the port is just ahead. Safely thy little vessel shall glide into the peaceful haven; the haven of everlasting rest. A little longer, and thy wanderings, thy toils, thy sorrows, shall cease and thou shalt rest.

M. A. Bernhard.

PRUNING.—As the most generous vine, if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems and grows at last weak and fruitless; so does the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires, and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.

Bishop Hall.

SIMPLE FAITH.

BY E. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

Impelled by a sense of duty, I transmit a few lines penned on reading "Panting for Light," in your invaluable *Guide*. After passing through a similar experience, I would say, to the glory of God, that I have enjoyed the "blessing" some seven years; and if I can assist, in any way, another into its enjoyment, it is my delight; and if, after seeing my views, you think any one can be benefited by them, I shall be grateful. I would say to you, dear "panting" soul, that in your case, it is necessary to bind the sacrifice to the altar—although one would suppose it would lie there without—bind it with thy will set apart for that special use; for if the will is set apart to the sacred office of self immolation, God accepts and sanctifies it; then is the monarch of the mind in subjugation to the King of heaven. From that time forever more, "reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Remember that you are his, and it is your business to watch the sacrifice the remainder of your life. Dare not say, "My Lord delayeth his coming." If the adversary tells you that you cannot do your duty, tell him you *will*, but commit yourself to this watching, until the great God to whom you have offered the sacrifice bids you labor. Then go immediately to work. Do not parley, on the peril of your soul. If the adversary says, "you can't," answer, "I will." Positively resist him; thus placing yourself wholly under the banner of your own King, your confidence will increase. Try not to believe, as you say, "you know not what." Where is your Bible? One promise of its teeming

pages applied to your "panting" soul, and allowed to remain there, will cure your malady, and you will arise refreshed, and be prepared to serve the God of heaven with joy and not with grief.

Fayette, Iowa.

HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed:
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—I met on the sea-shore, said the Eastern Poet, Sadi, a pious man who had been attacked by a tiger, and was horribly mutilated. He was dying, and suffering dreadful agonies. Nevertheless, his features were calm and serene, and his physical pain seemed to be vanquished by the purity of his soul. "Great God!" said he, "I thank thee that I am only suffering from the fangs of this tiger, and not of remorse."

THE voice of nature speaks with a divine wisdom when we take God's word to interpret its language.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. S. A. MILROY.

VI. *Entire Sanctification proved attainable in this life from the Bible.*

1. *God commands us to be holy.* "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Serve Him with a perfect heart." "As He which hath called you is holy so be ye holy." "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Thus God commands us to be holy in the most unqualified terms; and if it be not possible for us to be holy, how could he consistently require us to be so? Did he command us to be holy when he knew indwelling sin to be unavoidable? Has he commanded an impossibility? Is he trifling with his children whom he loves in a matter of so much spiritual importance and moment? Let those believe this who can. As for me, I will not believe it. My Father doeth right. The Judge of the whole earth will do right, though every man do wrong. "There is no unrighteousness in him." He commands us to be holy, and not a word is said either in the commands, or in connection with them, that we must wait till death to be sanctified. These commands refer to the present time, and require immediate obedience.

2. *God has promised to sanctify us.* He says: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you." "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "If

we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Here the doctrine of a present salvation from all sin—every moral corruption—is set forth as being attainable, and these promises were given for the express purpose of encouraging, and to induce believers to seek for freedom from all sin; and it would argue insincerity in God to encourage and induce us by plain promises to seek for holiness in this life, knowing that it could not be attained until a dying hour. He could not do this and be just. He has promised to sanctify us, and he will most certainly perform his promises unto us if we will follow the leadings of his Holy Spirit. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

3. *Prayers are recorded which teach the attainableness of this blessing.*

DAVID.—"Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me," was his earnest prayer to Almighty God; and who will for a moment doubt that he prayed for what he needed most, and expected a faithful answer to his petition? Or did he pray for a "clean heart," knowing that it could not be given him for many long years—till he was about yielding up his spirit to God? There is not a word authorizing us to make him speak thus, either in the prayer or its connections; and neither is it deducible from the premises. He prayed for a "clean heart," and I doubt not that it was given him; and in like manner may we pray for, and receive it.

PAUL.—"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ!" Now, dear

reader, I know of no way for you to evade the force of this prayer; as the apostle was moved by the Holy Spirit so he prayed. If it were not possible for the members of the Thessalonian Church to be "sanctified wholly," then the Holy Ghost, the inspirer, and Paul, both made a fearful and lamentable blunder; for this prayer undeniably teaches the attainability of entire sanctification, and in the last clause it fixes the meaning in reference to the time when it may be received and enjoyed, as follows: "I pray God your whole spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," or until death. The points of interest are these: Paul prayed God to *sanctify, preserve blameless unto death*, his own people. And now, if the objector to this doctrine is not prepared to say that both the Holy Spirit and the apostle Paul committed a grievous error, he must concede that sanctification is attainable in this life, and may be retained unto death, which may be many years after its reception. In my mind, at least, it would be presumption of the most daring kind to suppose that Paul did not expect the blessing for which he so earnestly prayed, and that he did not intend to teach the possibility of entire sanctification in this life; and equally as preposterous to suppose that he prayed for death, which is the inevitable conclusion, if sanctification cannot take place until that time.

JESUS prayed the Father, "Sanctify them through thy truth," and in close connection he says: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil" in the world. Furthermore, the Lord Jesus instructs us to pray, "Thy will be done in earth

as it is done in heaven." Here the standard of religious service is placed sublimely high. The will of God is to be done by us, as holy angels do it in heaven. The holy angels do not mingle sin with the performance of duty; therefore, we are to do his will without committing known, voluntary sin. If it "is the will of God, even our sanctification," we are to pray that it may be done in us—that he will sanctify us wholly unto his service—free us from all sin. If the attainability of entire holiness be a point which cannot be reached this side of death, can the putting of this prayer into our lips be harmonized with sincerity, truth and justice?

To be concluded.

HEAVEN AND HOME.—I was reading the other day that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit at eventide of going down to the seashore, and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they listen, till they hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps if we could listen we too might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its sweet echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundations.

Dr. John Cumming.

WHAT AN OLD LETTER DID.

It was in the month of June. Mr. N. arose in the morning, and saw that it would be a rainy day. To this he had no objection. The cornfields, meadows, and pastures needed moisture. As the day wore apace, time began to hang heavy on his hands. He went to the barn. It was quite empty, and there was nothing to do there. He went to the tool-house; everything was in order there. He went to the wood-house; all the wood had been sawed, split, and piled in the winter. He went into his house and sat down with his hat on, perhaps to delude himself into the belief that he was going somewhere. It was hard work to do nothing.

There was a shelf in a remote corner of the room, so high and difficult of access that the dust was allowed to accumulate upon it undisturbed. Mr. N. chanced to look toward it and saw a part of an old magazine. He stepped into a chair and took it down. In shaking the dust from it a letter fell from between its leaves. He took it up and saw that it was written by his daughter, who had been dead nearly seven years. It was written when she was about seventeen years of age, and contained an account of her conversion, which took place while she was away from home, pursuing her studies at an academy in a neighboring township. It was addressed to her mother, but contained many expressions of affection for her father, and a desire that he might become interested in the great salvation. The writer witnessed a good profession for several years. She was then called to her home in the skies. For seven years she had ceased to be a pilgrim upon the earth. The

father was still without an interest in Christ.

When he saw the handwriting of the letter, recollections of his loving daughter came over him like a flood. Hiding the letter in his bosom, he hastened to the barn that he might not be seen to weep. There he read the letter again and again, and wept over it. The expression of desire that her father might become interested in the great salvation took hold of his heart. He retired into a dark corner in the stable, and there prayed as he had never prayed before. When he returned to the house his eyes were red with weeping. He answered the surprised look of his wife by putting the letter into her hand, and soon her tears were mingled with his.

That night, as they were about to retire, he said to his wife, "Can't you read a chapter in the Bible, and pray?" She complied with his request, though with difficulty. The next morning she handed him the Bible, and said in a sweet, loving voice, "Hadn't you better read?" He took the volume, and with faltering tones read a chapter, and with still more faltering tones, followed the reading with prayer. From that time family worship was established in that house. Ere long Mr. N. made a public profession of religion. Were the prayers of his daughter answered seven years after she was in glory?—*S. S. Teachers' Journal*.

JOHN BUNYAN, that great master of theology, knew well what he was writing when he tells us that Mr. Despondency, Mr. Ready-to-halt, and Mr. Much-afraid got safe to the celestial city, as well as Faithful and Hopeful, old Father Honest and Mrs. Standfast.

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

A good life is the best way to understand wisdom and religion; because, by the experiences and relishes of religion, there is conveyed to them a sweetness to which all wicked men are strangers. There is in the things of God, to those who practice them, a deliciousness that makes us love them, and that love admits us into God's cabinet, and strangely clarifies the understanding by the purification of the heart. For when our reason is raised up by the Spirit of Christ, it is turned quickly into experience; when our faith relies upon the principles of Christ, it is changed into vision; and so long as we know God only in the ways of men, by contentious learning, by arguing and dispute, we see nothing but the shadow of him, and in that shadow we meet with many dark appearances, little certainty, and much conjecture; but when we know him with the eye of holiness and the instruction of gracious experience, with a quiet spirit and the peace of enjoyment, then we shall hear what we never heard, and see what our eyes never saw; then the mysteries of godliness shall be open unto us and clear as the windows of the morning; and this is very well expressed by the apostle: "If we arise from the dead and awake from sleep, then Christ shall give us light." For though the Scriptures themselves are written within and without; and besides the light that shines upon the face of them, unless there be a light shining within our hearts, unfolding the leaves, and interpreting the mysterious sense of the Spirit, convincing our consciences and preaching to our hearts, to look for Christ in the leaves of the gospel is to look for the

living among the dead. There is a life in them; but that life is, according to St. Paul's expression, hid with Christ in God; and unless the Spirit of God draw it forth, we shall not be able.

Jeremy Taylor.

THE SOLDIERS AND THE GUIDE.

We are sending the Guide to the families of very many of our soldiers, and we would be very happy to see this class of our subscribers greatly increased.

What better thing could some of our wealthy Christians do than to order the Guide a year for several of these families? The thought was suggested by the following letter just received:

I am a soldier in Company E, 7th Michigan Infantry. Have a wife residing at the address to which I request you to send the Guide. Myself and wife have lately commenced trying to lead a new life. By past experience, we have learned we need all the help that we can avail ourselves of to more fully know and do our duty.

If I should live to see my home again, I shall endeavor to do something more for you, by the way of raising a subscription for your very valuable paper. Please pray for me that I may have grace to continue faithful unto death. Yours truly, G. W. C.

THE world is the *field*, the saints are the *corn*, the ordinances are the *show-ers*, the mercies of God are the *sun-shine* that ripens the *corn*, death is the *sickle* that cuts it down, the angels are the *harvesters* that carry it into the *barn*.

CONSCIENCE, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death-bed.

THE WORTH AND BEAUTY OF HOLINESS

*Exemplified in the sufferings and death
of MISS SAMANTHA SHEPHERD.*

BY T. A.

Many have doubted the power of grace to give complete victory in life and in death. To such the following tribute of respect is prayerfully commended.

Intimate acquaintance with the deceased, enables the writer to say that she was a lady of rare excellence, both of mind and character. Early religious training resulted in her conversion at thirteen years of age. She walked in the joy of the Lord somewhat over a year, when, she says: "I began to feel that all was not right within; darkness came over my soul; temptations beset me, and I began to doubt my acceptance with God and to fear I had backslidden as I could never doubt my conversion. At times I almost gave up in despair and then the Lord would appear to me and bless me, so that between the two kinds of experience I was in a state of constant unrest." Thus she continued for two years until your excellent "Guide," for which thousands will praise God in eternity, was placed in her hands, whose contents to her soul, were as the waters of the smitten rock to the thirsty Israelites. The doctrine of holiness was made plain to her and she says: "I felt this was what I needed. I commenced to seek earnestly for a clean heart, and in March of 1860 was enabled to give myself wholly to the Lord and to feel the cleansing blood of Jesus applied to my soul making me indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus." "Praise now became her new employ," and life possessed new attractions and new responsibili-

ties. The one ruling desire of her heart was to glorify her God by leading others to the same all-cleansing Fountain which had proved the fountain of purity to her longing soul. But not long was she permitted to labor in her Master's vineyard, for in the very midst of her usefulness, and at the period when she was about to enter upon a more exalted sphere, God took her to bloom in his own paradise above. Her health had been delicate for some time, but in the Spring of 1862 her disease assumed a more alarming aspect, warning those who loved her that consumption was indeed doing its fatal work. Exceedingly ambitious, she did not yield until July, when hemorrhage at the lungs prostrated her. Again she rallied to hover over the sick bed of a loved and dying sister, after whose death, in the latter part of August, she was again brought low upon her couch of pain, which proved the couch of death and of triumph. Then commenced a period of suffering such as few have been called to endure. For six long weary months life held her in the crucible refusing to release its hold and allow her imprisoned spirit to soar away to its rest. Disease wasted her flesh, and a distressing cough and rack-ing pains were her constant companions until she became helpless and almost speechless; yet amid all these trials and during her entire period of suffering not a murmur escaped her lips. With an unshaken faith in God she was always happy and never failed to have a cheerful smile and an affectionate greeting for all who approached her. As her excellent mother expressed it, she seemed more like an angel from the spirit-world than a child of earth. While I was sitting by her bedside in the stillness of night,

she looked up in the midst of intense suffering and exclaimed: "Oh, I am so happy." I asked what thought gave her such joy? She replied, "That the Lord is so good to me, and that I shall soon be home." She longed for death but with patience waited till she should hear her Master say, "It is enough, come up higher." To the last, next to her Bible, she cherished her "Guide" and its contents were indeed as manna to her soul. Death came at last to her relief and was to her, her birth-day which ushered her into a new and brighter existence free from pain and suffering. It stole over her like a gentle sleep and without a sigh, a groan, or a struggle she passed away to a better world. She died Feb. 23, 1863, in the 18th year of her age. Such is the power of holiness as exemplified in actual experience. Let those live such a life who aspire to such a death.

TITHES.

We clip the following from the Central Christian Advocate. It is one of a thousand little things which indicate that the heart of the Church is coming, slowly indeed, far too slowly, but coming to be convicted and moved in regard to the great duty of methodical beneficence. We have believed for many years that the old law of tithes contains the gist of a rule of benevolent action among Christians.

Eds.

GIVING ONE TENTH.—I approve of it. Let us adopt it. I have been giving on that plan for some time past, and the Lord blesses me for it—there is no doubt about it. Poverty has sometimes driven me to the wall, and then I have been tempted to withhold the Lord's money; but wife said I must not, and we did not, and he helped us in many, many ways we had never dreamed about. The Evil One

does not tempt me so hard now-a-days.

But what about a local preacher? Shall he spend one fourth of his time traveling and preaching, and then be bound to give one-tenth of his income besides? Who will answer?

Observer.

Burlington, Kas., March 1863.

We would volunteer an opinion in reply to the foregoing question. Tithes were never paid in work. The devotement of the tenth is the setting apart of one-tenth of what is actually the net income of the year, to charitable and religious purposes. A minister who undertakes to pay tithes, as we believe all persons whether ministers or laymen should do, is not to say I *ought* to have received so much: I *have* received only so much; therefore I have already given so much—whatever the balance may be.

So a local preacher who spends a portion of his time serving the church without compensation, is not to count these services as tithes. Time so devoted will necessarily affect the net gains of the year, and so present a smaller sum on which tithes are to be paid, but the services are not tithes. So we think.

Eds.

GOD'S LOVE AND MAN'S LOVE.—

You cannot trust men; but do not you distrust God. Man's love is blurred with selfishness: there is not a seam in the love of God. Man gets tired, often, in doing good: God never does. Doing good is the only thing that he lives for. It is the only thing that he reigns for. God does not stop, on Sunday, and say, "They have come together in church, and now I am going down to do some works of mercy." There is no Sunday in heaven. All days are alike above. Time there is not checkered into days and years. It is one continuous flow; and all of it is bounty, benefit, mercy, and love.

PRAYER is the approach of the soul to God. Prayer is the soul speaking to God.

CONVERSION OF A YOUNG MAN.

We give below, a most interesting and instructive account of the conversion of a young man, while in conversation with his pastor, in the study of the latter. It constitutes a part of Chapter XII in "*Glimpses of Inner Life*," by Mrs. Hayward, a work just published, by H. V. Degen & Son, Boston.

EDS.

Ah! how one day can entirely change the course of life. To-day we may be as light as the summer cloud, to-morrow winter's leaden sky may settle heavily upon us. Thus it was with Louise H., the morning after the horse-back ride. When she awoke, it was with a weight upon her heart, no strength of her own could ever remove. It was a dull November day too, and as she lifted her curtain and gazed out on the leafless branches and falling leaves, her heart sank within her, and she sadly murmured, "Ah! me, it is no use, I know he only despises me. I am not a modest violet, no indeed. Oh! I wish I had never met him." Then came pride, and she hastily turned away and impatiently said, "There, I won't give him another thought; how foolish in me!" but in vain; all that long day, could the paper she glanced over, the book she read, the embroidery she stitched, speak, they would tell a very different tale.

Her feelings were more aggravated, too, by a short courtesy call on the family by Mr. Carleton, who was suddenly summoned from the city. His manners were very gentlemanly and pleasing, and Louise was, if possible, more interested than before. He had no sooner left, however, and hope had begun to whisper to Louise, "who knows," than a lady friend called, and in the course of conversation she mentioned Mr. Carleton, and added, "He

is a very superior man, and is engaged, I believe, to Miss C., of B.

After she left, Louise stopped in the hall, and pressing her hand tightly against her heart gazed anxiously up stairs, then towards the library, her swelling heart getting fuller every moment. "Oh! where can I go," thought she, "where I shall be alone, all alone. Why *did* I ever see him,"—then suddenly she ran hastily up stairs, past her own room where Georgie was sitting, past again the rooms of the servants, till reaching a dark closet she entered, and closing the door, flung herself upon a mattress, and burst into a flood of tears—tears wrung from a mortified and disappointed heart.

'Twas a light summer cloud which floated over Bessie that day, and many a little low love song she sang to herself, while she traversed in thought every action and word of the preceding day. Sometimes her eyes would sparkle a little brighter, and the rising blood warm still more the rosy cheek, as laying down her sewing for a moment, she would gaze over to a certain house some distance from hers and murmur, "Yes, he certainly said so, and if he didn't he acted so, any way. I wonder if he will go and see Mr. Leslie." Mrs. Livingston wondered, and even asked Bessie, "How she could sit up stairs all day alone," but if she could have peeped into the happy maiden's heart, she wouldn't have wondered any more.

That evening at eight o'clock, Mr. Belmont entered his pastor's study. Nervously he awaited his entrance, but Mr. Leslie's greeting and manner soon re-assured him, and after some general conversation, more composedly than he thought possible, he announced his errand. He told all, his early training,

his religious impressions, his views, and finally ended with, "I know I ought to be a Christian, and to a certain extent, I feel it, but I can't understand the doctrines."

"Can't understand the doctrines," returned Mr. Leslie, smilingly, "Well, then, lay them aside, we won't have anything to do with them at present."

"Lay them aside!" responded Belmont, with evident surprise, "why I thought they were the very foundation of religion."

"Christ is the foundation," replied Mr. Leslie.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Belmont, "but it is necessary to understand and believe the doctrinal points, is it not?"

"Mr. Belmont," returned Mr. Leslie, "you are a sick man, very sick; you need a Physician, and every moment you delay applying to him you are in great danger. But the trouble is, you do not know how sick you are, and are wasting precious time in studying out what disease is in general, and how it may be cured. Now, sir, I beg of you to let these matters alone, and take your individual case and attend to it. Appreciate first how sick you are, and then apply immediately to the great Physician for help."

"And have I nothing to do with the doctrines?" still persisted Mr. Belmont.

"Did I say anything about them?" replied Mr. Leslie, pleasantly. "Just drop them, if you please, and let us take a look at yourself. Now"—but here Mr. Leslie was interrupted and summoned from the room. He excused himself from Mr. Belmont, but begged him to remain till his return, as he should be absent only a few moments. It was providential that Mr. Leslie was called out just then, as silent and alone

Mr. Belmont yielded to the rush of conviction which now poured in upon his mind. Rapidly went thought back into the blackened past, and vividly it all arose before him, his gentle mother's teachings, the many warnings of friends he had despised, his selfishness, pride, deceit, and the evil influence he had exerted upon others. Suddenly with these little recollections came another, which gave a more severe pang than any of the previous ones—the recalling of the motive which had prompted him to visit Mr. Leslie that evening. "It was not for religion," cried he to himself, from the depths of his anguished heart. "Hypocrite! it was because I thought it would please Bessie. Oh! what a sinner I am! I abhor myself! Who can wash away all this sin? It's no use. I can't be saved!" and in this despair Mr. Leslie found him on his return.

"Well," said he cheerily as he entered, "do you feel your need of the great Physician, yet?" that having been the silent prayer which had ascended many times from Mr. Leslie's anxious heart during his absence.

"Yes," replied Belmont very sadly, "I think I do, but he won't cure me. I have sinned against too much light."

"Come now"—replied Mr. Leslie—"and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Well, if I had been honest in all this," continued Belmont, "I might hope, but I see it has been principally for a selfish end of mine own, that I came here this evening."

"Christ's blood can atone for even that," returned Mr. Leslie.

"But I feel so mean," rejoined Bel-

mont; "now if I could only do—but there, I can't do anything."

"No," returned Mr. Leslie, tenderly, "nothing at all. Human nature inclines every sinner to come to Christ, feeling a righteousness of his own, feeling honorable as one might term it, but in such a state we can never find Christ. We must see ourselves, and all our good deeds as filthy rags, and casting them all aside, must take unto us Christ's beautiful robe of righteousness."

"But how can I get it?" responded Belmont.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"But am I to have it by simply believing?"

"Simply believing."

"But how shall I know I get it? and how can I make myself believe it?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yes, certainly."

"If you believe in him, can you not believe in his promises?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, he has promised, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Those that seek me early shall find me.' 'Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.' 'Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me.'"

"Oh! what precious promises," returned Belmont. "Are they really in the Bible? Yes, I know they are, I have heard them many times. I wish I could get hold of them, I want to believe, but it seems as though I was not ready. Have I nothing else to do, but believe?"

"If you see and feel yourself a great sinner, needing a great Saviour, nothing else but to renounce self, and consecrate yourself to him, then throw yourself into his loving arms."

"Consecrate myself to him? What do you mean?"

"Be willing to give to him all your powers, talents, influence, in fact all you possess—to use your money and time for his service. Heretofore you have lived for yourself and your own happiness. If you give yourself to him you must feel that hereafter 'whether you eat or drink or whatsoever you do, to do all to the glory of God, ever seeking his will, not your own.' Do you think you can do this?"

Mr. Belmont reflected for a few moments, and then replied earnestly, "Yes, I think I can. It is but a very little I have to give to him any way, but I give all, all. I desire to be an earnest, true, whole-souled Christian, or none at all."

"Well then, my friend, all that you have to do is to believe that Christ will accept you. He is much more willing to receive you, than you are anxious to go to him."

"Is that so?"

"If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

"But what a venture! it seems like throwing myself into darkness."

"Venture, venture, and you will soon find whether it is darkness or not."

Mr. Belmont paused awhile, then turning round he took up his hat, and rising said,

"Well, Mr. Leslie, I am very much

obliged to you for this conversation, and will try to cast myself on Christ."

"When?" returned Mr. Leslie, still retaining his seat.

"O, soon," replied Mr. Belmont, "as soon as I have an opportunity."

"But you have it now," continued Mr. Leslie.

"But I want more time," responded Mr. Belmont.

"Time for what?"

"To prepare myself."

"Now is the accepted time, now the day of salvation; be seated, if you please, and let me repeat some verses to you before you leave;" and, in a low, touching tone, his eyes lifted prayerfully upward, Mr. Leslie recited these simple but beautiful lines:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though so depraved,
So long by Satan's power enslaved,
To be by thee renewed and saved,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

Mr. Belmont's head was bowed ere Mr. Leslie had half finished them, and when he concluded, amid tears and sobs, Mr. Belmont murmured, "O pray for me!"

"Can you not pray for yourself, my friend?" returned Mr. Leslie.

A moment's pause, and then the struggle gave way, and Mr. Belmont knelt at his chair, and with broken utterances, repeated over and over,

"O, Lamb of God, I come."

Mr. Leslie followed in earnest, supplicating prayer. He closed, and when they arose, they were *one in the Lord*.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

We take pleasure in introducing to our readers this month, Rev. S. L. Baldwin, of the China mission. In accordance with arrangements made before his return to his distant field, we hope to be able to present an article from his pen each month. Eds.

FUHCHAU, March 19th, 1863.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN:—In accordance with my promise, I propose to furnish the Guide a series of letters from China. It will not be my aim to pursue a systematic course; but to give your readers such accounts and illustrations of Chinese manners and customs, as may be suggested by my experience and conversation from time to time.

Yesterday, being the 29th day of the first month of the Chinese year, was observed as a day of feasting by the people of Fuhchau. The feast originated in that respect for filial affection for which the Chinese are so remarkable among heathen nations. The story connected with it is as follows:

A long time ago a certain woman was confined in prison, upon some accusation, whether true or false is not now known, neither does tradition re-

late what was the particular crime charged against her. While she was in prison, her son was very attentive to her. He called upon her as frequently as circumstances would permit, and ministered to her comfort in various ways. Among other deeds evincing his filial piety, he was in the habit of sending to his mother daily some of the finest rice he could procure, cooked in the best style, and made as tempting to a Chinese palate no doubt, as is the most "exquisite" turtle soup to the palate of a Boston alderman. But, after a time, being permitted to visit her in the prison, he learned to his sorrow and indignation, that she had not received the dishes he had sent, and that the rice he had so carefully prepared for his mother had been eaten by the jailer, who doubtless was congratulating himself all the time in having so good a cook to furnish him fine meals gratuitously. This devoted son, was, however, determined that he would not be baffled in his attempts to supply his mother with wholesome food. Returning to his home, he decided upon a plan which afterward proved successful. He took the best rice as before, but mixed up with it ground nuts, yellow beans, a sort of small potato, the lung ngang fruit, and other materials, and cooked the whole with "red sugar." This made a most unpleasant looking mess, and had withal the appearance of being decidedly dirty. The jailer felt no temptation to detain it for his own use, and consequently the mother received it regularly and found it both palatable and nourishing.

In commemoration of this act of filial piety, the people of Fuhchau, every year, on the 29th day of the first month, prepare their rice with the materials and after the manner of that

furnished by the dutiful son for his mother. Thus is the memory of his filial piety perpetuated. The judge who pronounced sentence on the mother is forgotten; the history of her crime, if indeed she were guilty of any, is unknown; very possibly the name of the emperor who then reigned is known only as it is used to express dates in Chinese chronology; but the filial deed of this son is remembered and perpetuated in a feast observed by millions of his countrymen. Who does not see that its observance is calculated to encourage filial affection among the children who early join in its cultivation? Indeed, the Chinese are pre-eminent among heathen nations for the inculcation and the practice of obedience to parents. God says, "Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The Chinese, as a nation, have obeyed this precept; and they can to-day boast a longer life than any other nation of earth. May God hasten the day of their redemption!

There are other versions of the origin of the feast, but the one given above is probably as correct as any; and I like it best. S. L. BALDWIN.

"DON'T LOVE YOU NOW, MOTHER."

A great many years ago I knew a lady who had been sick for two years, as you have seen many a one, all the while slowly dying with consumption. She had but one child—a little boy.

One afternoon I was sitting by her bed-side, for dearly I loved her, watching her with an aching heart; it seemed as though she would cough her life away. Her little boy Harry, sat, too, at the post of the bed, his blue eyes, so like hers, filling with tears to see her suffer so. By-and-by the terrible cough

ceased. Henry came, put his arms round his mother's neck, nestled his head in her bosom, and said, "Mother, I do love you; I wish you weren't sick."

An hour later, the same loving, blue-eyed boy came in, all a-glow, stamping the snow off his feet. "Oh, mother, may I go skating, it is so nice—Ed. and Charlie are going?" "No, Henry," feebly said the mother, "the ice is not hard enough yet." "But, mother," very peevishly said the boy, "you are sick all the time, how do you know?" "My child, you must obey me," gently said the mother. "It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy, who, an hour ago, had so loved his mother. "I would like to have my little boy go," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face, all covered with frowns; "you said you loved me, be good." "No, I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out and slamming the door.

Again the frightful coughing came upon her, and we thought no more of the boy after the cough commenced. I noticed the tears falling thick upon her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a slight sleep.

In a little while, muffled steps of men's feet were heard coming into the house, as though carrying something; and they were carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry.

Angrily he had left his mother, then gone to skate—disobeyed her, and then broken through the thin ice—sank under the water, and now, saved by a great effort, was brought home barely alive to his sick mother.

I closed the doors, feeling more danger for her life than the child's, and, coming softly in, drew back the curtains from the bed. "I heard them—

it is Henry; oh, I know he went—is he dead?" But she never seemed to hear the answer I gave, telling, "Oh, no." She commenced coughing—she died in agony—strangled to death. The poor mother; the boy's disobedience killed her.

After a couple of hours I sought the boy's room. "Oh, I wish I had not told mother I did not love her. To-morrow I'll tell her how I do," said the child, sobbing pitifully. My heart ached; to-morrow I knew we must tell him she was dead. We did not till the child came fully into the room, crying, "Mother, I do love you." Oh! may I never again see agony like that child's, as the lips he kissed gave back no kiss—as the hand he took fell lifelessly from his hand, instead of shaking his hand as it always had, and the boy knew she was dead.

"Mother, I do love you now," all the day long he sobbed and cried. "Oh, mother, mother, forgive me." Then he would not leave his mother. "Speak to me, mother," but she would never speak again, and he—the last words she ever heard him say were, "Mother, I don't love you now."

That boy's whole life was changed; sober and sad he was ever after. He is now a gray-haired old man, with one sorrow ever his, one act of disobedience, one wrong word, embittering all his life, with these words ever ringing in his ears, "Mother, I don't love you now."

Will the little ones who read this remember if they disobey their mother, if they are cross and naughty, they say every single time they do so, to a tender mother's heart, by their actions, if not in the words of Henry, the very same thing, "I don't love you now, mother."—*Western Churchman.*

The Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1863.

HOW IS A CONSECRATED STATE OF HEART TO BE PRESERVED?

Perhaps nothing has conspired more effectually to bring into ill-repute the blessed doctrine of holiness, than the backsliding of many of its professors. In many instances this has arisen from looking upon it simply as a means of high, spiritual enjoyment, and not as a permanent character and life; and a necessary preparation for unceasing activities in the work of human salvation. The blessing has been received in some hour of high religious excitement, amid the songs and shouts of happy saints, and the subject at once yields himself to all the blissful emotions of the occasion, without raising the important question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" How shall I most effectually use this grace that thou hast conferred upon me for thine own glory? Dwelling somewhat selfishly, although unconsciously, in this region of religious emotion; constantly seeking by renewing the circumstances, to excite the same powerful affections; and almost forgetting the other great interests of life, the heart gradually loses its hold upon Christ; and for lack of practical religious activity, unceasing watchfulness, growth in grace, momentary faith, it lapses into a state of formality and comparative listlessness. In some places those that are the friends of the doctrine of entire consecration are those that are invariably revived at camp meetings and during seasons of religious interest, and as invariably, after a short period, become lifeless and inactive. These persons are sincere, but through the lack of intelligent views of the abiding faith that brings a clean heart, they rather, by their example repel, than draw their fellow disciples, to this elevated and scriptural attainment.

How can that state of "perfect love, that casteth out all fear," be retained, and made a blessing to the Church and to the world?

I. By walking in Christ as he was received. It is by a present, utter reliance upon the cleansing blood of Christ, that a pure heart is secured. This faith must be contin-

ued in constant exercise. "Help I every moment need." It must become the habit of the soul. Holiness requires a state of continued self-recollection. It is not the presence of believers, the exultant song, the united struggle in prayer, that purges and purifies the heart, but the indwelling of Jesus. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." There is a danger of living upon the recollection of the hour when faith first brought Christ as a Saviour to the heart. He constantly awaits the prayer, "Abide with me." We need every day to learn afresh "that the Lord is in his holy temple." We are every morning to "put on Christ," as verily as we resume our bodily vesture. We are to linger at the altar until Christ "be formed within us," as we wait at our tables for the refreshment of daily food. Many humble souls have "perished with hunger." They have not been diligent in gathering the daily manna, and faith has grown weak through lack of divine nourishment.

Few realize how sublime and solemn a profession it is to be able to affirm that we are altogether the Lord's—that we love him with a supreme affection—that our wills are entirely subordinated to his—and that our consciences no longer burden the heart with self-condemnation. It is the King's highway of holiness, over which the ransomed of the Lord, in garments pure and white, "return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." No unclean thing stains this divine path. It is the ladder above Bethel—uniting earth and heaven. Holy angels might descend and ascend upon it.

Upon this shining course we have entered; not to delay, and gaze at the crown and glory at the end of it; but to run the whole length of the celestial journey, constantly "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

We have certainly deceived ourselves if there is no *growth* in our religious enjoyment and activity. Not as though we had already attained all that Jesus has in store for us, if we are really consecrated to him, we shall with increasing earnestness, press "for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus, our Lord." If the new birth awakens in the

heart an unutterable desire to conciliate the whole world to Jesus, and brings down upon the soul a dispensation of the gospel, saying to it—"Go, into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" when that new birth has reached its holy maturity, and by the power of grace through faith, has become a "perfect man in Christ Jesus," how energetic must be this principle of life, starting into daily development in fruits of the Spirit. The new birth was constantly nourished by the milk of gentle and sweet promises; so the divine manhood must have its daily and hearty nourishment from the "body and blood,"—from renewed communion and fellowship with Christ.

II. This suggests the relation that the Scriptures hold to a redeemed soul. Nothing can take their place—no prayer meeting or band meeting—no preaching or religious conversation—all these are invaluable as aids and channels of grace, but they cannot supply the absence of the "exceeding great and precious promises." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Not as a form or duty; not a specific and limited portion of the Bible merely, but as a rich privilege; as a fountain of spiritual life, ever renewed by holy tides; as the subsistence of faith; as the sweet words constantly dropping from the Master's lips; as the tongue of the Holy Spirit, by which he speaks to the inmost soul and discloses the mind of God; as the blessed covenant which our heavenly Father has made with his beloved children, we are to dwell upon it, fill our thoughts and meditations with it, and inwardly, with delightful relish, digest it. It is our duty to obtain through all the helps within our reach, clear views of the nature, responsibility and means of attainment, of the blessing of a holy heart; and we have reason to be grateful that a good Providence has secured for us so abundant a supply. Quite a considerable library is already published upon this precious doctrine. Every consecrated man should be a reading Christian. Each new volume, and experience suggests new and profitable views of Christ and the way of faith. We may well substitute the temporary reading of the hour with this sanctified literature; and no Christian can yield himself to the mental dissipation of light and trivial reading without a sensible

loss of moral power. But after all, there is only one final appeal; and there is only one volume that can bear a constant perusal. More Christians will be found to be the most consistent in experience, the most harmonious in temper, the most fruitful and persevering in life, who are constantly made "wise unto salvation by searching the Scriptures." We shall be less likely to be bewildered in our religious life if we go for our instruction and examples directly to "the word and to the testimony."

Here are the promises, and here are the directions enabling us to avail ourselves of them. The humble disciple, that prayerfully takes God's word as a "lamp to his feet," will not be permitted to err in the path of life, or to be "barren and unfruitful" in his experience.

III. We should seek constant channels of usefulness.

Moral power is not accumulated in vain. "For their sakes" says our Lord, "I sanctify myself." "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." Holy love craves service—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." God loved—and gave his Son. Jesus loved—and died for us. The Holy Spirit loved—and enlightens every man that cometh into the world. A holy heart cannot exhaust itself in emotions. It pants for holiness in others—it loves the world for Jesus' sake. If we would retain the witness of our consecration, it must in every possible way be made active. We have given ourselves to him, and whatever service he has on earth it is more than our meat or drink to enter upon it.

We are not to limit our labors for the sanctification of believers, and withdraw ourselves from other forms of service; but "whatsoever our hands find to do, do it with our might." The love of Christ constraining us, we seek the salvation of our families and friends, "in season and out of season." We covet the opportunity of feeding the lambs; we love the assembling of the saints; we are ready to co-operate with the minister and Church,—although they may not be altogether what we wish. Some seem to suppose that the only work left to one professing holiness, is to urge this doctrine at all times, to meet with the select few that love it, and to count as of little value every sermon, prayer and exhortation that is not pervaded with it. Not so. We are to "adorn the doctrine we profess by

a well-ordered life and a godly conversation"—exhibit in "every good word and work," the "beauty of holiness." Invite our brethren in loving, not censorious, words, to a higher walk; but condescend to them of low estate. Work freely, earnestly, heartily, with every one that loves our Lord Jesus; and enter faithfully into every practicable expedient for building up the kingdom of Christ.

In short, we are to enrich our faith and patience constantly by the word of God and by prayer, and then allow them to have their "perfect work."

Such will not fall away, neither will they be left to bring a reproach upon the gospel of Christ.

BOOK NOTICES.

Up the Ladder, or Striving and Thriving, by Madeline Leslie—a 16 mo of 256 pp., which having opened at the title page, we read on to "finis," because we couldn't help it; is just from the press of Graves & Young, Boston. It is a thrilling illustration of the truth that fortune follows character; that industry and virtue lead "up the ladder."

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D.

Some time since Dr. Stanley sent forth from the press his volume, entitled "Sinai and Palestine," which is, in many respects, the most satisfactory and interesting work we have met illustrating the sacred localities. Last year this was followed by a very valuable and interesting work upon the "Eastern Church," which has been widely welcomed by intelligent Christian students. And now, we have, from the same publisher—Charles Scribner, of New York—a volume presenting even greater attractions, and rich in illustrations of the times of the Patriarchs and Judges.

It is issued at a favorable hour, when the interest of the Christian world is fastened upon the Pentateuch, by the fierce controversy arising out of the late attacks upon its authenticity. One hardly knows which to admire most, the thorough comprehension of the subject; the varied learning exhibited by the cultivated author, or the charming style which renders his pages, even upon these familiar themes, so attractive. This volume embraces the sacred history from Abraham to Samuel—the most important, as covering the

introduction of the Mosaic liturgy, of the Old Testament record. Every clergyman will desire this valuable, and beautiful addition to his library: a desire in which every Christian student will equally share. For sale at all the bookstores.

Great Britain in Prophecy. Rev. Samuel Sparks, a local preacher in Binghamton, N. Y., has published a pamphlet of 30 pages, consisting of two lectures, on the topic above named. His readers will entertain various notions on rising from a perusal of his work; but all will agree in according to the author the credit of a good style not without ornament, and will say that he has written an interesting thing. The book bears evidence of much patient investigation and much ingenuity. It contains more thought than do many large books. For sale by the author: 25 cts. per copy.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

READING WITH THOUGHT.—A little boy reading in the 28th chapter of Matthew, came to the verses 4 and 5. Pausing at the close of the latter verse, he looked up and said, "I think there is *such* a meaning in that word *ye* there." "How do you mean, my love?" asked his mother. "Why," he replied, "in the fourth verse we are told that the keepers and guards did shake; then it is said to the women, 'Fear not *ye, ye* seek JESUS;' they that seek Jesus need never be afraid." Many adult readers fail to see the beauty of Scripture as that boy saw it because they read with neither *understanding* nor *heart*, while he read with both.

THERE are no step-children in the family of God; he does not make favorites of the cleverest, whose names have filled the world, and neglect those who were "never heard of half a mile from home." The poorest, least talented, least known, are as dear to the Redeemer now as the greatest, and will be as happy in his presence forever.

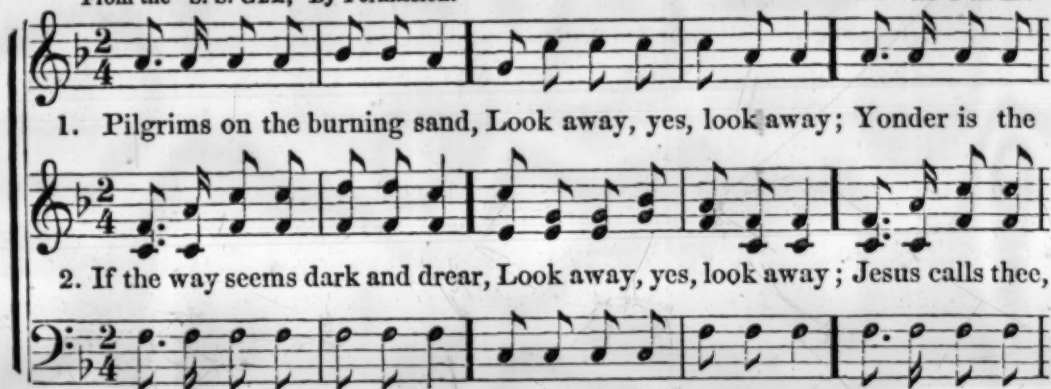
A FRIEND asked a pretty child of six years old, "Which do you love the best—your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat best, but please don't tell my doll!"

LOOK FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

33

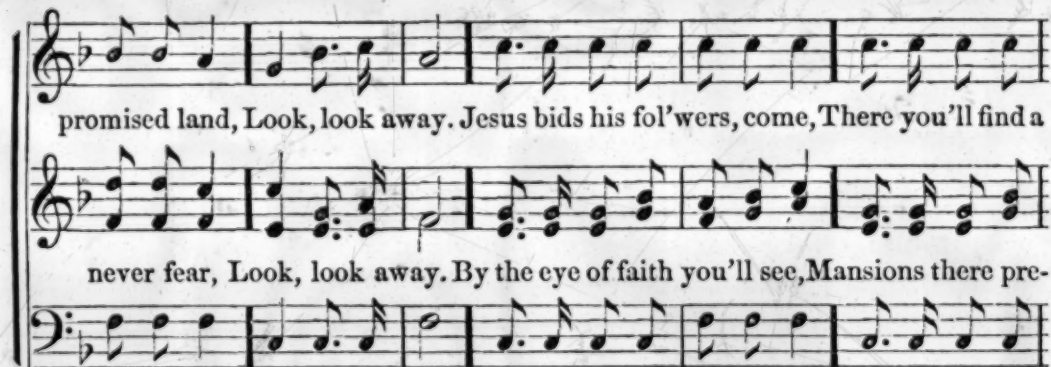
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A. HULL.



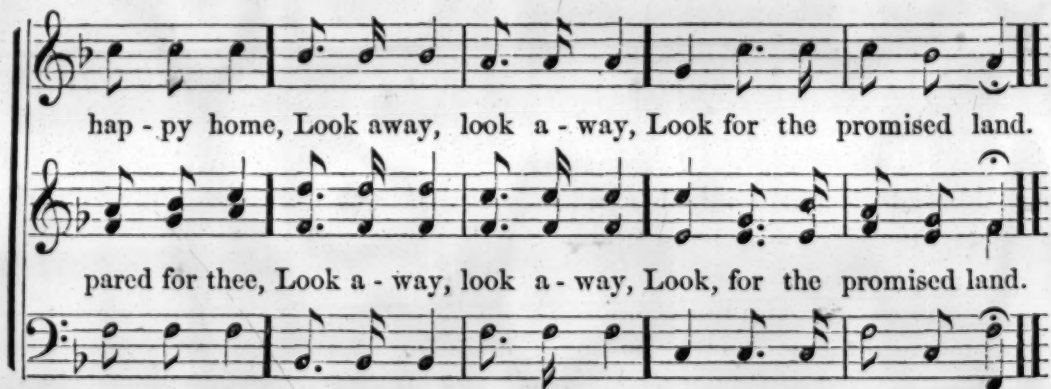
1. Pilgrims on the burning sand, Look away, yes, look away; Yonder is the

2. If the way seems dark and drear, Look away, yes, look away; Jesus calls thee,



promised land, Look, look away. Jesus bids his fol'wers, come, There you'll find a

never fear, Look, look away. By the eye of faith you'll see, Mansions there pre-



hap - py home, Look away, look a - way, Look for the promised land.

pared for thee, Look a - way, look a - way, Look, for the promised land.

3.
Should your lot be hard to bear,
Look away, yes, look away;
Jesus will your burdens share,
Look, look away.
With each trial grace is given,
Grace which points thee up to heav'n,
Look away, look away,
Look for the promised land.

4.
When the tempest's most severe,
Look away, yes, look away;
Jesus comes thy heart to cheer,
Look, look away.
Pearly gates you'll soon behold,
Streets all paved with shining gold,
Look away, look away,
Look for the promised land.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

AUGUST, 1863.

SOULS AND STARS.

The substance of the following *appeal* was addressed to the Local Preachers of "A — circuit," in England, by one of their number, whose name is not given. We have abridged and re-written it, adapting it to the ministry in general, and to the Methodist ministry in particular. We beg our brethren to read it prayerfully.

W. McDONALD.

Dear Brethren: After a somewhat lengthened course of observation, I have come to the conclusion, that our labors, as ministers of Christ, have not been as fruitful in the conversion of sinners as might reasonably have been expected. Gratifying instances of this kind have not been wanting; but their recurrence has neither been as frequent nor as extensive as the wants of the church demand, and the resources at our command justify.

Why is it that ours, the grandest of all human missions, has been a comparative failure? Why is it that our Lord's day toil has been prosecuted on a scale of remuneration so painfully dis-proportionate? Why is it that while men of Cyprus and Cyrene, persecuted and hated, shake Antioch with their preaching, and turn multitudes to God, we, prosecuting the same mission, placed in communication with the same power, and authorised to expect the

same "signs following," have occasion to inquire despondingly again and again, "who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

First, allow me, my dear brethren, to suggest the possibility of a defect in our personal piety.

How many of us wear the white robe of personal holiness? How many can experimentally and explicitly testify that the "blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin?" Ah! is there *one*, on whose forehead shines this jewel of heavenly depth and brilliance,—*one*, who wears what our fathers so extensively wore? No wonder that we are feebler than they were. No wonder that our lives are less illustrious, our examples less attractive, and our labors less fruitful.

Our piety should be much loftier in its character than that exhibited by the generality of Christians around us. The teacher should stand on a higher spiritual platform than the taught. This is the case with some; but others, I fear, are only on an equality; and a few, no doubt, are lower in the scale of personal piety than the average of those to whom they minister. Let the searching interrogative be put by each

one of us, "*Is it I?*" If the piety of the pulpit be no higher than that of the pew, the spiritual elevation of the latter is quite out of the question. Would we learn the secret of evangelical power? let us listen to what the inspired biographer says of Barnabas: "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."

Second. Perhaps our pulpit unfruitfulness arises from a want of *earnest, persevering* prayer.

The past history of the church rings with the availings of the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man. Had we supplicated as Abraham did, we should have had no occasion for "O, my leanness, my leanness!" Step after step does the patriarch rise in his humble and disinterested importunity for Sodom; and step after step does Divine tenderness promptly follow the suppliant. God lingers until Abraham is done. "I will not destroy it for ten's sake," is the emphatic response to the final "Peradventure." Or had we prayed as Moses prayed in behalf of his rebellious charge, till, as if fettered and bound by the voice of a man, Omnipotence cries out, "Let me alone, that I may destroy them," idolatry would have been driven from the church. Or had we wrestled as Jacob did, during the long hours of that memorable night, when the evening sun set upon Jacob the suppliant and the morning sun rose upon Israel the Prince, we too should have had power with God and prevailed. Or had we prayed as did Daniel, the man greatly beloved, for full three weeks, with "fasting," "supplication," and "ashes," surely God would have given us skill and understanding in the work of winning souls.

Cold, brief, ordinary prayers are not the weapons which have fought the Lord's battles in past times. Who was it, that in the solitude of the mountain spent the hours of the live-long night in prayer? Was it not our Divine Model, our ever living, ever present Master? Who was it that under one sermon at the kirk of Shotts, saw five hundred souls brought to God? Was it not the devoted John Livingstone? He afterward remarked, "I never preached *ane* sermon which I would be *earnest* to see again in *wryte*, but two; one was on *ane* Munday after the communion at Shotts; and the other on *ane* Munday after the communion at Holywood; and both these times I had spent the whole night before in conference and prayer with some Christians." Who was it that carried through the circuits in which he labored a burning series of apostolic revivals? Was it not William Bramwell, of whom we read that he habitually spent six hours out of the twenty-four, on his knees? My dear brethren, let us rouse ourselves. Let every sluggish feeling and dormant power be stirred up to take hold on God.

"What though our shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
We rise superior to our pain:

When we are weak, then are we strong!
And when our all of strength shall fail,
We shall with the God-Man prevail."

A want of directness in our pulpit efforts, is another cause of our non-success.

If we preached for souls, souls would be converted. Our desires and purposes on this subject, to a considerable extent, are the measure of our success. Of Alleine, author of the "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners," it is said, "He was infinitely and insatiably greedy of

the conversion of souls; and to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and in preaching." Bunyan said, "In my preaching I could not be satisfied, unless some fruits did appear in my work." Doddridge, in writing to a friend, remarked, "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything besides." David Brainerd could say of himself, on more occasions than one, "I cared not where, or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I awakened, the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for the conversion of the heathen; and all my hope was in God." John Smith said, "God has given me so powerfully to feel the value of precious souls, that I cannot live if souls are not saved. O give me souls or else I die." One of the latest utterances of the venerable John Angell James, is, "Never, at any former period of my life, was I more impressed with the idea that the conversion of souls is the great end of the Christian ministry. Every thing short of this, I feel to be utterly unsatisfying."

To what extent, my dear brethren, do these Christ-like yearnings touch chords of sympathy within ourselves? The palpable want of visible, and continuous results, supplies an answer sufficiently and unhappily conclusive. Perhaps you are saying, "I attend punctually to all my appointments." Undoubtedly. "I preach with all plainness, a free, full and present salvation." Granted. "The people are instructed, profited and pleased, under our ministry." Cheerfully granted. But all this is insufficient. If men are not "turned from iniquity," if

sinners are not converted from "the error of their ways;" if there are no actual results of this character attending our ministrations, our work is improperly done and we shall fail of our full reward.

My brethren, let me urge upon you the indispensable necessity of anxiety for fruit. You have no conception what force this singleness of aim will give to your character, and what irresistible power it will infuse into your ministrations.

There is something awful to my mind in making preaching an *end* and not a *means*; in passing through the same customary routine of sermonizing, and exhibiting no eagerness for visible results, being perfectly complacent if the service has been performed with propriety, and the congregation has been tolerably gratified with the performance. O this damnable Laodicean formalism! How respectably does it leave the victim in the paw of the lion! Let your text be chosen, and your sermon made, with an all-pervading reference to the rescue of souls. Let brain and heart contribute to this one result. With mighty prayer clothe yourself with the power of Pentecost. In apostolic singleness of purpose say, "This one thing I do." Every movement shall then result in conquest. Good men will glorify God in you, and wicked men will shake beneath your breathing thoughts and burning words. Christ will be glorified by the trophies of your toil; and men of this world will say of you as the celebrated Dr. Priestley said of Mr. Thomas Mitchel, one of the first Methodist preachers, a man of slender abilities, and defective education, under whose preaching the Doctor had unintentionally sat as a hearer, "*This man must do good, for*

he aims at nothing else."

Brethren, there are motives which press upon us the importance of this mighty work :

1. The conversion of souls will shed lustre upon the church which we represent. I care not what may be the numbers of the Church, what its wealth, what the beauty of its sanctuaries, what the attractiveness of its ministry, what the grandeur of its ceremonies, what the perfection of its order; I care not what its name or position may be; the Church, by whose instrumentality no sinner is turned from his iniquity, is a dishonored, crest-fallen, humbled Church; a blight in the universe of Jesus; as useless and offensive amongst the trees of God's vineyard as a blasted oak in a living forest of freshness and beauty. On the contrary, no matter how poor, and small, and unpretending a Church may be, if it seek and save the lost, if it make wretched men happy, lame men sound, leprous men clean, and if it bring pardon to the guilty; that Church bears its own credentials; the heraldry of heaven floats upon its blood-washed ensign, and the diadem of him, upon whose head are many crowns, sparkles on its brow. The powers of this world may confront and oppose, but these living epistles of Christian power and enterprise which she bears triumphantly along with her, puzzle and confound them. As it was in the days of the Jewish Sanhedrim, when Peter and John were summoned before them, so it is now. "Beholding the man that was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." My brethren, how few holy tokens have there been among us to confound the gainsayer, how few lepers have been cleansed, how few champions of the devil transformed!

The day before Pentecost, the disciples were little known and much despised; but the conversion of three thousand souls some fifteen or eighteen hours later, carried the names of the Galilean fishermen to the limits of the Roman Empire. A church stands high when her sons are like "corner-stones" for strength, and her daughters, for beauty, "polished after the similitude of a palace."

2. *The conversion of a soul in itself ought to furnish a sufficiency of motive.*

What is it to save a soul from death? Can you state the value of salvation? Can you estimate the weight and significance of such an attainment? Could you raise a man to the possession of princely fortunes and ducal honors where the millions should admire his elevation, the conversion of a soul to Christ is a greater achievement than that. Could you indefinitely augment the empire of science and incalculably enrich the treasures of art, the conversion of a soul is a grander result than that. Could you heal all manner of diseases; could you go through the land giving strength to the infirm, eyesight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, soundness to the lame, health to the sick; could you thus fill thousands of suffering homes with joy, and send up from the valleys and plains, and hill-tops of the land, one loud and gathering song of thanksgiving and love, the conversion of one soul would be an achievement infinitely loftier. Death will soon kill the body, and the world will soon be no more, but the soul

"Shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter
And the crash of worlds."

I sometimes wonder how it is that the soul's value and safety should be so

little the subject of our thought. When we think of a life of love and contrast it with a life of hate; when we think of a death of peace and contrast it with a death of anguish; when our eyes glance fearfully into the dimness and bitterness of the eternal storm; when our ears catch the wailings of the eternally damned; when we feast on the ravishing melody of Eden, and catch a glimpse of the happy and holy ones that wander "midst flowers that never fade nor fall;" when we read of God's becoming man, and of his Gethsemane agonies and Calvary ignominy, how is it that in view of all this, in the soul's destiny, we do not rush forward with "cries, entreaties, tears to save, and snatch them from the gaping grave?" that we can suffer any petty pursuit or momentary worldly consideration to deter us from the great end for which God himself wept and suffered? If Christ were fully formed in us, we should think as he thought, feel as he felt, weep as he wept, and be willing, even for an enemy's salvation, to die as he died. O for a Christ-like love for souls!

Finally, our future reward is intimately connected with this work. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." It seldom happens that the man who is extensively useful in the church has full justice done him while engaged in his glorious toil. The simple piety of the truly good, and the better judgment of sinners appreciate him. But some, who should be his helpers, do not seem to understand him; others do not relish his plans; others look upon his success with a feeling of envy; and others still who dislike a living, earnest

religion in any shape, "pass by on the other side." The man who does the heavy trench-work of revival, amidst shell, and fierce assault from principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, finds himself in many respects unaided and unrecognized. Like his Master, the "common people hear him gladly;" but formalists and worldlings, lovers of respectability and rigid order, stand coldly and stiffly aloof.

But, tardy as the church and the world are to acknowledge his merits while he lives, almost every one writes "*victor*" on his shield when he falls. The names of earnest christian laborers never die. Their deeds of spiritual chivalry are handed down from father to son. When names of mere mental power and ministerial talent have passed from the memory, the names of those who have "turned many to righteousness," will still be as familiar as household words. Nelson, Bramwell, Stoner, John Smith, and others, are names embalmed in the great heart of Methodism, and will become increasingly fragrant to the end of time.

But whatever may be the judgment and awards of earth, respecting the faithful servant of Christ, this much we know, heaven will do ample justice to his character and toil. One class is to "shine as the brightness of the firmament." Their individual lustre will not be so strikingly apparent, but, blended one with another, they will constitute a luminous field—a magnificent "milky way" of light and glory. The other class are to shine "as the stars." Their glory will be prominently observable. They will strike and rivet the gaze in a moment. High amidst a universe of stars will these glow and burn as the never-waning, but ever

brightening constellations of heaven. Such is the reward of those who turn many to righteousness.

Earthly crowns and coronets will soon pass away; green fields and golden treasures will soon be gone, but the living jewelry of souls plucked from the burning and beautiful with holiness shall ever abide, and they will cluster around the honored instrument of their salvation, giving dignity to his person, joy to his crown and rapture to his emotions; and adorned by their seraphic radiance he shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

In conclusion. Why is it, dear brethren, that souls are not saved on a larger scale than at present? How is it, that a traffic so holy, so necessary, so profitable, languishes so fearfully? How is it that so few blood-bought wanderers are turned to righteousness? Has God purposely taken off the chariot wheels of the church, lest she should move at too great a speed in the conversion of the world? God forbid. Why is it, then, that so few hard hearts are melted, and so few unhappy prodigals are gladdened with a Father's love, and enriched with a Father's home? Why, indeed, but because we do not earnestly and perseveringly long for souls? We do not weep over them, agonize for them, travail in birth for them. We do not clothe ourselves with the marvellous energies of the Holy Spirit. Our locks are shorn; the cords of the Philistines are too strong, the gates of Gaza are too heavy. Satan sets us at defiance, and keeps our Lord's immortal property in spite of us.

O, my brethren, souls must be won for Christ by any means, at any cost, in any way. Our appointments must be regarded, not as merely involving

the composition and delivery of so many sermons, but as so many blessed opportunities for "warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Our sermons must be looked upon, not as mere human compositions, but as channels of life-giving energy, and we must mourn within ourselves if our day's reaping produce no sheaves. Deal sternly and roughly with the Devil. Let the struggle be energetic and determined. You may be ridiculed for being extravagant and disorderly. Never mind. Your day will come. The results of your labor will go with you into eternity. *Nothing else will. The rewards of heaven will not be the shadowy ones of earth. The smiles, the bosom, the joy, and the many mansions of Jesus, will be your smile, your bosom, your joy, your mansion for ever.

DIVINE BLANK FORMS.—Not only are the promises in God's own words, but he gives full liberty, also, to the Bible writers to promise for him. It is as if he had given them blank forms, and said: "Whatever you see my people need, and in whatever variety of expression the promises will make the deepest impression on their hearts, so fill them up over my name, and I will honor them all." This same privilege he seems to give to his people. Said a Christian brother, "I thank God for his 'blank promises.' I read, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and 'Whatever ye ask in my name I will do,' and Jesus does not say what I shall ask, and so I am at liberty to fill up the blank myself. I insert whatever blessing I need. I put in the names of my children and friends, and call upon God to honor his promises."

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

ROSE HILL HOUSE, Birmingham, Feb. 23, '63.

Dear sister Sarah: Here we are in the place where the excellent Hester Ann Rogers exchanged mortality for life. Her remains lie interred in the burial ground of St. Mary's Church. We have visited the spot. It is marked by a large stone, and a beautiful inscription of several lines in verse. We intend to visit the grave again, and copy the lines. The grave or tomb has the appearance of being quite new; having been recently repaired by the Rector of St. Mary's. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. In fulfilling his word, our righteous Lord has a thousand ways, unthought of by those who humbly trust in him.

When the sainted Mrs. Rogers was so painfully persecuted by her Church of England friends, and her name cast out as evil, could she have imagined that her name was destined to be as ointment poured forth for generations to come? Could she have conceived while degraded to the state of a menial, in her mother's house, that *her name* was destined to be so embalmed in the sight of her own people; that an honorable clergyman of the Church of England should take so much pains to preserve her memory before his people, over half a century after she had passed from earth?

Few memoirs have been read by persons of various denominations more than that of H. A. Rogers. Being dead, she yet speaketh, and will continue to speak *till the end of time*. Thousands, who have read her life, would covet as bright a crown as awaits this self-sacrificing heroine of the cross.

Who would shrink from following on in the same path—that is in honor and dishonor? Thousands of petitions are presented by those who wish to get near the throne, but are not willing to take the right way for it. They covet to have their prayers answered, but are not willing to pay the cost, if it be by coming out of great tribulation.

I was saying to dear Dr. P. last night, "how many dear ones who used to attend our Tuesday meeting, are now among the blood-washed around the throne?" Writing the words, "coming out of great tribulation," brought up vividly before me our dear Mother Stebbins, who used so to delight in uniting with us in glorifying the Lamb at those seasons; also, our dear father and mother, sisters Mary, and Eliza, and brother Henry Moore, and brother Shipman, good mother Hayter and many others. O how many are now singing the song of the Redeemed in heaven, who once united with us in the song of Moses and the Lamb, on earth in those consecrated rooms. Still memory loves to linger over yet one, and another, now worshipping in the upper sanctuary, who once mingled with us.

Do you remember the intense interest manifested by the now sainted Bishop Waugh, in attending the Tuesday meeting, when he was visiting us for a few days? He was surely a man of more than ordinary piety. The fervors of his devoted heart seemed ever depicted in his countenance. On the occasion referred to, his face was so lighted up with seraphic joy, that my heart took the daguerreotype—it has remained with me ever since; and I often think of the beloved Bishop, and our much loved Dr. Bangs, who for so many years was such a constant at-

tendant, and also dear Dr. Bond. You will not forget the time, when only a few months before the death of the latter, the hearts of these honored veterans were there cemented in bonds never to be severed. And now those venerated worthies have passed through the veil of mortality, and are singing together, "Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Who can doubt but they oft mingle with the hosts of the Lord who carry the news from those hallowed rooms, of yet another and another, whose robes have been newly washed in the blood of the Lamb. We are indeed most thankful to hear that the meetings are still so gloriously owned of God. Many in this Old World having learned that the Tuesday meeting is held in our house in America, read the testimonies as reported in the Guide to Holiness from month to month, with eager satisfaction. Since I commenced this, I have received a long letter from a friend in Scotland who has fallen in with some friends who visited the Tuesday meeting—and in speaking of what she heard of you, she said "It made me so long to run off to America to get a sight of her. O what a union that will be when we meet in glory." So you see there are friends at this remote distance who will exult to meet you at the pearly gates.

COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD. I greatly like that saying of the Rev. Charles Simeon, in a letter to a friend, "If I can have my God to go before me in the pillar and the cloud, I long exceedingly to visit you once more; but if I cannot see my way clear, I am better where I am." Running before Providence is very perilous.

CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

O blessed Jesus, when I see thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at thy servants' feet;
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet

To share thy feast—I know not to adore,
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,

When thou must hang in anguish on the tree;

Yet, as in the beginning, to the ending

Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee;
And thou wilt prove to them ere thou dost part,

The untold love which fills thy faithful heart.

The day, too, is at hand, when, far ascending,
Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear;

Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,

To do thy will and bow in homage there;
But thou dost pledge to guard thy Church from ill,

Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus! to my soul thy Spirit lending,

Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love;
With humble service all thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before thy throne above;

Yes, serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in thy service meek.

Daily, my pilgrimage as homeward wending,

My weary way, and sadly stained with sin,
Daily do thou, thy precious grace expending,

Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with thee
And thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT! comprehending
Man's highest honor in his humblest name,
For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,

The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;

He who would rise like thee, like thee must owe

His highest glory to his stooping low.

GREAT PEACE have they who love
thy law.

A GLANCE AT HEAVEN.

Being weary, in consequence of the labor and anxiety of life, I have chosen for a solace, to wander into the field at eventide, like Isaac of old, to meditate; and all at once, as quick as thought, I find my mind transported from this world of disappointment, sorrow, sickness, pain and death, to a land of living verdure and captivating delights, in the midst of a shoreless sea of bliss, surrounded by myriads of objects of admiration and wonder, where the inhabitants enjoy perpetual health and eternal youth.

The reigning joy of that heavenly land is, that Jehovah keeps his royal court in person. There his dwelling place is enriched with the richest profusion of his love. There his saints rejoice to behold the adorable displays of his perfection, the manifestations of his goodness, and the outletings of his love. There the intercourse between him and his redeemed ones carries him to the utmost extent of communicable glory. The buildings that are there, are the palaces of the great King, in which are mansions referred to, John xiv. 2, by the Son of God, while a missionary on earth. These mansions are magnificent, founded in grace and furnished with glory. Age shall never enter there, and nothing shall decay. What a beautiful city is the new Jerusalem! its gates are all gloriously set in pearls, and there the attributes of God blaze divinely bright. There, also, is our Emanuel, fitting up mansions for his forthcoming saints. The trophies of eternal victory already there, bow at his feet. He is our elder brother, our near kinsman; from this relation our grandeur springs, our being connected with the high and hon-

orable family of heaven. A great blessing indeed, to be a brother to the Son of God, and hear him to us, in that capacity, declare his Father's name. We shall see him, and be like him, and then we shall be eternally happy.

O happy land of God, where the rivers of pleasure overflow their banks forever! O rapture, O ecstatic joys, O everlasting heaven! Thy joys are too great for our mortal frames; none but glorified bodies can bear the transports of thine eternal day. There the general assembly of the saints will be on the holy Mount Zion, to dwell forever in the royal pavilion of glory, and have most intimate communion with the king eternal. What rapturous notes will then sound through the sweet groves of bliss. All heaven will be melody—angels will accent the song. There we shall drink at Life's immortalizing stream, and draw water out of the wells of salvation. There we shall have life beyond the reach of death, health secured from sickness, and pleasure without pain. Our bodies will be immortal, our souls immaculate, our senses sanctified, our faculties enlarged, and our whole soul filled with divinity.

KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST'S LOVE.—It is a peculiar kind of expression where the apostle prays that they might "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." We may know that experimentally, which we cannot know comprehensively; we may know that, in its power and effects, which we cannot comprehend in its nature and depths. A weary person may receive refreshment from a spring, who cannot fathom the depths from whence it proceeds.

Owen.

HOLINESS SIMPLIFIED.

BY NOAH STOWELL.

CONCLUDED.

God wills our happiness, and has provided that we may have "joy unspeakable and, full of glory" in the deepest adversity—even our "afflictions work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The soul on receiving the fulness of perfect love, will have such a foretaste of heaven as to desire to depart. O, that I could leave this poor world of sin and sorrow and dwell in the full blaze of heavenly glory; but after advancing a little in spiritual knowledge, realizing that heaven will be endless, we prefer to remain in this world until our work is done. If God has any spot or place where he can employ such instrumentalities to glorify himself in leading others to the fountain; for although we "would not live away," yet we are willing to wait, yes, choose to remain here; not only until we have done, but also until we have suffered all the will of God, since we see clearly that God may bring more good out of our sufferings, than out of our doings. The sufferings of this life are not punishments for sin; if they were, the truly pious would be free from suffering; but "many are the afflictions of the righteous." We suffer that we "might be partakers of his holiness." Just as the hard labor of springtime is related to the golden harvest of autumn: so our sufferings advance us in the knowledge of God and of divine things. "Thy will be done," is the language of the heart. Walking steadily in this light, we enter into the divine glory, and pass onward "from glory to glory," revealed to us by the Spirit; "To you it is given to know the mys-

teries of the kingdom of God." Moses says, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory;" and in our Saviour's prayer, he says, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them." It could not be the glory of his divine nature—this he had from all eternity; but to his humanity was given the glory of being the natural Son, and heir of God; so that we by being born of God, and adopted into his family, become joint heirs with him, and inherit the glory; being brought into the same relation as children. We would consider it presumption to claim such glory, were it not given; but it is the height of ingratitude not to accept it, when coming from such a source; the sunlight is shared equally by millions; so all may have this glory if they will—"all are yours." If poor humanity can't stand up, let it fall down under the glory; but give us the glory. "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth?" Thus we catch the chorus from the heavenly city, where they "need not the light of the sun, moon nor candle," while the same glory "shines in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Some have supposed themselves favored with a clear assurance that they should never fall, or lose their acceptance with God. They have thought also that a like assurance might be the privilege of all; but let no one suppose we can never fall, so long as we are in this world, and under moral government. Holy angels fell from heaven; Adam and Eve from Paradise; "the natural branches were broken off by unbelief, and thou standest by faith,—be not highminded, but fear, for if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he spare not thee." We must

observe God's order, "the Lord is with you, while ye be with him, and if you seek him, he will be found of you; but if you forsake him, he will forsake you." True it is written, "He that is born of God cannot sin;" but this only shows that love cannot hate, humility cannot be proud, patience cannot be fretful; in this "the children of God are manifest." Holiness must leave or sin cannot enter the temple, and "if any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy;" yet we may be assured that while we cleave to the Lord with an unwavering faith, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God;" but walking in the light, we shall *be able to* let our light shine to the glory of God.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord;" and Jesus said, "ye also shall bear witness." We are not to be "ashamed of him nor of his words." We should be perfectly familiar with the terms holiness, sanctification, perfect love, &c. We may even love the words, so expressive of the work itself. We want to know the fulness by happy experience, and then there is an appropriateness in the terms. We never become weary of the word sun, to express the source of natural light; nor of water, to express that life-preserving liquid. We should be as willing to observe God's order in spiritual things, as in natural. Wherever we can find a "thus saith the Lord," it is solid rock; we may stand upon it alone, and bid defiance to the universe of opposers. May the Lord help us!

It is objected, that the apostle Paul acknowledged that he had not "attained neither was already perfect;" but this refers to the resurrection glory, as the context plainly shows. He

may have supposed that as Enoch and Elijah had been translated, it was possible for him to enjoy the same privilege. In Corinthians he says, "not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon," evidently showing there is nothing desirable in dying, for death is a consequence of sin, and every result of sin is to be dreaded; but "to depart and be with Christ" is inviting, either by translation, or even by passing through the sufferings of death if it must be so. But we may innocently desire to be excused if it were possible; but resigning all to the Divine disposal, we may say "thy will be done."

Should it be objected that as infants are only justified and yet are saved, therefore adults may be saved without sanctification; we answer that infants through the atonement meet all the claims of the divine law, and the command to adults is, "be ye holy," and without *holiness* no man shall see the Lord;" it is clear then that adults must be sanctified to be saved. We should hasten to the fountain and be cleansed from all sin, for so soon as we become moral agents, we are responsible for retaining the defilement of original sin, because provision is made for its removal; God has promised to "sanctify us wholly," and it is our fault if it is not done; we are ungrateful to neglect it.

O how precious to dwell in God! It is to walk in light. We often feel that a great effort is necessary to retain gems of thought given to us by the Spirit, as though he was a messenger ready to depart; but if we sink down into the depths of divine love, we shall be encircled with the heavenly glory, and the Holy Ghost will bring them to our remembrance far beyond our own expectations, thus making us the hon-

ored instruments of reflecting light to others; it being "no more we that do it but the grace of God that is with us." Thus we shall have no occasion to stoop to the honors of men, we may count even "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures" of this world. We may rejoice with overwhelming gratitude, in the honor that comes from God only, knowing that he can use us in any form he pleases, with perfect safety to ourselves, and give us all, the honorable relations of "sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty," while at the same time we feel that we are "less than the least of all saints," but rejoicing "that our names are written in heaven," and that we are associated with "an innumerable company of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect," being "heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Glory to God for such an inheritance. Amen.

REVERENCE.—"I wish," said Robert Hall, speaking of a lady who was wont to talk of the Supreme Being with great familiarity, "I wish I knew how to cure that lady of her bad habit. I have often tried, but as yet in vain. It is a great mistake to affect this kind of familiarity with the King of kings, and speak of him as though he were a next door neighbor, from the pretence of love." To this he adds, quoting an old divine, "Nothing but ignorance can be guilty of this boldness; there is no divinity but in a humble fear; no philosophy but shows itself in a silent admiration."

A THOUGHT OF MARTIN LUTHER'S. Luther remarked, that there were three things on which he could not bear to dwell, without Christ—his sins, death, and the day of judgment.

A BALM FOR THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. S. F. MORGAN.

"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds."

Balm for the broken heart,
Balm for the wounded mind,
Not balm devised by human art,
By human skill combined.

On Calv'ry's blood-stained top,
From Jesus' wounds distill'd,
It flowed in many a crimson drop,
With healing virtue fill'd.

The sharpest, keenest smart,
The mind's most festering sore,
Th's balsam for the broken heart
Possesseth power to cure.

Cast upon sorrow's stream,
It dryeth every tear,
Or turneth to a rainbow gleam,
With new-born hopes to cheer.

To souls oppress'd with sin,
And yearning for release,
Applied, it hath the power to win
Strength, purity, and peace.

Balm for the broken heart,
Balm for the wounded mind,
Not balm devised by human art,
By human skill combined.

PROFIT OF PRAYER.—The profit of prayer is thus excellently set forth in a few sentences by the French writer, La Mannais :

"After praying, is not the heart lighter, and the soul happier? Prayer renders affliction less sorrowful, and joy more pure. It mingles with the one an unspeakable sweetness, and adds to the other a celestial perfume. Sometimes there passes over the fields a wind which parches the plants, and then their withered stems will droop toward the earth; but, watered by the dew, they regain their freshness, and lift up their drooping heads. So there are always burning winds which pass over the soul and wither it. Prayer is the dew which refreshes it again."

MOTH-EATEN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In great dwellings there are many apartments. There are long and dusky halls. There are closets and store-rooms that are not often visited. There are spare rooms, attics, lumber-rooms. While the faithful house-keeper watches in the living rooms against dirt and insect foes, the insidious enemy has silently retreated to these remoter camps where broom and brush seldom come. There they rear their undisturbed families. They nest in corners. They brood in old garments. They make cities of refuge of rolls of cloth. These children of the moth wake to raven and fatten upon juiceless thread. Dust and sweepings are good enough for their ordinary food, but woolen is a high living, while feathers and fur are a banquet and a royal luxury to them. The old man dozes below, and dreams his battles over again, while the silent moth up stairs is eating his feathers, piercing his hat, and wasting his uniform. So, while men doze and dream, their honors fade away, and their glory is consumed. For when, on some anniversary day, the garments are brought forth, the feathers fall to powder, the coat is cut with a sharper tool than the sword, and the whole suit is perished away for ever. Sharp is the needle, but sharper the invisible tooth of the moth; and no needle-skill can repair its cunning desolations.

And so it comes to pass, often, that enemies individually weak are more dangerous on that account. We can watch against the thief; scarcely against the miller. We suspect the sounding elements. Sun and air are our friends against mould and must. But these soft-winged motes, that hover between

daylight and dark, that bring forth without wafts, that rear their broods by their teeth, that hide by the very process of eating, and build burrows by the masonry of their teeth—these are the most fatal to our hidden possessions. How many carpets are cut and scissored that still look fairly to the eye and reveal no mischief! How many apparelings of reserved rooms hang in all their folds with seeming soundness that need but to be shaken to show all the mischief done.

Could there, then, have been selected a figure more pertinent, more striking in its analogies, than this? Could anything more clearly show to us the power of sins of neglect: of sins of indolence and unuse; of sins of a soft and gentle presence, that in themselves are not very harmful, but that are the breeders of others that are; of silent mischiefs, or the unused faculties or rooms of the soul, that are not ventilated, and are not searched with the broom or brush. Men do well to watch and fight against obvious and sounding sins. They are numerous. They are on every hand. They are dangerous. They are armed and desperate. They swarm the ways of life. Not one vice, not one crime, not one temptation, and not one sin of which the Word of God warns us, is to be lightly esteemed. They are to be watched, and, in armor, we are to be proof against them.

But these are not our only dangers. Tens of thousands of men perish, not by the lion-like stroke of temptation, but by the insidious bite of the hidden serpent; not with roar and strength, but with subtle poison. More men are moth-eaten than lion-eaten in life. And it behooves us, betimes, to give heed to these dangers of invisible and insidious little enemies.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER AT BIRMINGHAM.

We clip from *The Wesleyan Times*, the following account of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's labors at Birmingham, among the "United Methodist Free Churches." It seems that when one door is closed, God opens another for these devoted servants of the church. May the blessing of God attend them in the future as it has in the past, and more abundantly.

Eds.

The special services commenced on the 15th March in Bath street (United Methodist Free Churches) Chapel, by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, were brought to a close on Friday night. The results are truly astonishing. Upwards of 530 have professed to find peace through believing. Every meeting has been characterised by a deep sense of the Divine presence and power; and we believe that such an impetus has been given to the work of God, as will be felt throughout the town. While we as a church have derived great spiritual benefit, and a large accession of members, we have had numbers from other churches of nearly all denominations, who have been quickened and blessed, and will, we trust, carry the influence with them, and the result will be a mighty awakening throughout the town. May the Lord grant it! Our Wesleyan friends especially, will derive great benefit, the majority of those blessed being either already connected with that body, or having engaged to become so. It seems that although the pulpits of the old connexion are closed against these devoted servants of Christ, the affections of the people are drawn out after them, and during these services many of the leading members have come forward, and labored most earnestly and affectionately with us; in fact, it seemed as if our chapel was

turned into a Conference chapel, so great a proportion consisted of their members. One remarkable feature of these services was the laying aside of the partition walls of sectarianism, and the unanimity and kindness with which "Free Church," "New Connexion," and "Conference" men worked together for the salvation of souls. And here I would say, that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have, while in Birmingham, been the guests of Clement Heeley, Esq., who, although a Wesleyan, kindly and generously came forward and offered them his home while laboring here, and both himself and Mr. Heeley have labored hard in connexion with the services to bring souls to Jesus. We have had some remarkable cases of conversion, drunkards reclaimed, backsliders restored, and hardened and profligate sinners brought to the foot of the cross. One case was given last week, and we have had others almost as interesting. There have been remarkable answers to prayer, especially for the conversion of relatives, and we have had husband and wife, parents and children, together seeking for mercy. It has been a glorious time, and we are hoping and believing that the work begun will be carried on, and that, to use the words of the good Doctor, "redeemed Birmingham" will become saved Birmingham. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer returned on Saturday to Walsall, where we believe they will conduct services for one week, and then proceed to Manchester.

MORNING THOUGHTS.--Three things should be thought of by the Christian every morning: his daily cross, his daily duty, and his daily privilege; how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

PURITY OF HEART SOUGHT
AND FOUND.

Extracts from "Love made Perfect"—a volume by Rev. P. McOwan.

October 26th, 1813.—I have had a violent struggle, a long and painful wrestling. It seemed sometimes as if the great adversary himself were present, seeking to bruise my soul. The strong man was strongly armed; but I prayed for faith, and felt that greater is he that is in me than he that is in the world. I was encouraged and sustained by the application of the following Scriptures:—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." The blessing I coveted, during this prolonged struggle, was the death of sin; and, throughout, I felt assured Jesus *would* come and claim me for his own. In this confidence I said, "Lord, thou biddest me rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks: but how can I rejoice and give thanks evermore, if sin remain? Thou wouldest have me to serve thee without fear, in righteousness and true holiness, all the days of my life: but I cannot do this perfectly, unless thou make me wholly free. Thou wast manifested to destroy the works of the devil; and sin is his work: O, destroy it in me. Let me now, even now, die to sin, that I may live wholly to thee."

29th.—After passing through a severe and protracted conflict with the adversary, I heard my Saviour say, "Come unto me, and I will give thee rest." Responding, I said, "Lord Je-

sus, I come at thy call. I am oppressed with doubt, and fear, and unbelief. I lay my burden at thy feet; and plead that thou wouldest burst my every bond, and give me rest." In a moment I felt lightened of my load, and had the words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," inspoken to my heart. I waited and wondered before him, not daring to speak or move in his presence; while more and more he diffused his powerful, purifying love through my soul. I now feel that I am nothing. My Saviour is all in all. I lean upon him. My desire is to lie at his feet, and to be led and taught by him in all things.

31st.—Thought cannot conceive, tongue cannot declare, half the blessedness I feel. My heart overflows with love and gratitude. I am sealed by his Spirit unto the day of redemption. May I have grace to hold fast whereunto I have attained! I bless God for permitting me this day to seal my covenant at his table. Yes, my God! I am thine: preserve my body, spirit, soul, blameless, unto the day of thy coming.

November 14th.—Each returning Sabbath seems to be the best and happiest I ever spent on earth. Never before did I taste what I now enjoy. Glory be to my God! for it is all the result of his word of grace in my heart. I have unruffled rest in God: my soul is stayed upon him. I have no thought but toward him: and I trust in him for the direction and control of all my thoughts and actions.

15th.—Glory be to thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! My soul overflows with grateful love to the Triune God; for I do believe he has created within me a clean heart. With my pen, if not with my mouth, would I

make confession unto salvation. The things which are freely given to me of God I know, by the spirit which is of God. He illustrates and identifies his own work. All is the purchase of my Saviour's blood; all is given in and with Jesus. His name is a tower of beauty and of strength. Glory be to God—*my God!* I feel the indwelling Deity. My body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. He fills me with love, joy, and peace. I long to be filled with all his fulness. The promises are all mine in Christ Jesus. Happy in his love; I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This has been a privileged evening. Both under the word, and at the class-meeting, I drew water with joy out of the wells of salvation. But I am humbled to the dust when I think how my doubting heart, so prone to unbelief, has been afraid to confess the great salvation wherewith God has blessed me. I have been waiting for brighter displays of his glory, before I would set to my seal that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin; but I can delay no longer. Eternal God! may I henceforth think, speak, and act only for thy glory! May I go on from strength to strength, and be changed into thine image, from glory into glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord!

16th. — "Perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment." May I receive with gratitude and humility all the great blessings laid up for me in the precious promises yet to be fulfilled! I need each moment to be refreshed with the heavenly manna. For nearly three weeks I have been conscious that God had greatly blessed me; but now, to the praise and glory of his grace, I can testify that Jesus saves his people not only from the guilt

and power of sin, but also from its pollution. Adorable Redeemer!

"My heart is full of thee, and longs
Its glorious Master to declare."

My cup runneth over. O for a tongue to speak thy praise! If thou bestow the gift of utterance, I will speak good of thy name: for thou art to be praised, and to be had in honor. "All thy works praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee."

17th. — "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." No shadow of doubt or unbelief has arisen in my mind since I last wrote. Jesus is my almighty Saviour at the present moment, and I trust him for the next. He who can save me from sin for one hour, can save me to the utmost to my life's end. . . . If I, even I, have been so saved, who need despair? I have found life, eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord; and I trust to have boldness in the day of judgment. I have rest and peace in God my Saviour; and my mind is every moment stayed on him. But I am more than ever convinced of my own weakness, ignorance, and utter insufficiency. I feel as if I were beginning a new life, and require each moment to be taught and strengthened from above. I intensely desire to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

WHEN SATAN TEMPTS MOST. — "Thou shalt be sure to be assaulted by Satan," says Leighton, "when thou hast received the greatest enlargements from heaven—either at the sacrament, or in any other way; then look out for an onset. This arch pirate lets the empty ships pass, but lays wait for them when they return richest laden."

REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

FROM MRS. PALMER TO MRS. LANKFORD.

69 EVERTON ROW, Liverpool, 1863.

Dear sister Sarah: We have just returned to the house of our esteemed friend, G. Pennell, Esq., after a campaign of twelve weeks in the midland counties of England. It is with amazement and gratitude that I look back upon the record of the weeks which have so swiftly passed amid the multiplicity of engagements, that they seem but as yesterday.

And thus I presume it will be till the sum of life is told. But though the day of life is as a vapor, which appeareth for a little and then vanisheth, a bright gleam is ever darting into the vista of the future.

Though we spend our days amid the multitude, the eye of faith looks through the vista, and we behold multitudes congregated around the throne, with whom we have talked on earth of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. There they stand around the "ancient of days" casting their glittering crowns at the feet of the world's Redeemer. It is written of that company that they sung a new song, and also that no man could sing that song but those who had been redeemed from earth. What a delightful work it is to be permitted through the Holy Spirit's agency to teach others the new song. I can say through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I have been in converse with thousands when they have first learned to tune their voices to the song, "Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and for ever, Amen."

Will it not make heaven the sweeter when we meet there, and unite in the full chorus around the throne of the Eternal? I believe that I am learning to feel more, and more deeply, that it is only to the degree that we have the anointing of the Holy One, that we can be useful. It is true that some who minister in holy things seem to be useful whose utterances of heart and life would suggest that they do not enjoy the blessedness of the pure in heart. The fact is, that *truth* belongs to God, and God may permit his own truth to flow out through an unworthy agency. Surely there was no worthiness in the animal on which Balaam rode, but he spoke the *truth* when he reproached the erring prophet; but who can conceive of his receiving a reward? The same may be said of Caiaphas who prophesied that one man should die for the nation, but does not Caiaphas now stand written prominently among the murderers of the Lord of glory?

And thus it will be of many who have prophesied in the name of the Lord many works, good of themselves, but for want of purity of motive, will be the sad subjects of not merely a life-long mistake, but a mistake for eternity.

Sure I am that no works will be recognized in the light of heaven, as of God, only, so far as they arise from a pure desire to glorify God and not self. To the glory of grace I can say that I am endeavoring to walk carefully before the Lord, feeling that I every moment need the merits of Christ's death; and am enabled momentarily to present all my redeemed powers a living sacrifice. By the new and living way I enter within the vail, and here I abide casting anchor yet deeper with every passing day. Within the few past weeks the words have been applied

to my heart in an unusual manner, "Hearken O daughter, and consider and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people and thine own father's house. So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him." The Lord is indeed leading us in some respects in a way we had not known. I am persuaded that greater triumphs are now marking our path than ever before. Yet in the attainment of these new conquests, we have had new conflicts. But victory through our Lord Jesus Christ is our triumphal song. During our labors at Wolverhampton, Birmingham and Walsall, comprising a period of twelve weeks, the names of 1600 have been recorded as having sought and found. Of these, comprising persons of every grade of society, high and low, rich and poor, 1327 have presented themselves at the communion-rail, or vestry, as penitents seeking mercy, and having sought diligently and felt that they obtained, have had their names written among the newly saved. The remaining 273 are persons who during that period, have sought and been enrolled to testify that they received the witness of purity.

You may wonder that the number of those who receive the blessing of holiness was not greater, in view of the great number who received pardon, but we have reason to believe that a far greater number obtained the blessing of purity than gave in their names to the secretaries. This practice of recording the names of the special subjects of grace during the time of a remarkable out-pouring of the Spirit, has great advantages. One is, that it secures more thoroughness. A person will not be willing to go through the solemn ordeal of going to the secretary

and wait the process of having his name affixed to "*pardoned*," unless sure that he has obtained the grace.

I have seen persons arise from their knees and after going a few steps toward the vestry where the secretary was in waiting, measure their steps back again to the altar, fearful that the witness of pardon was not quite strong enough to warrant the record of their names.

I might say the same of those seeking holiness. I once saw an intelligent christian lady who had long been seeking the blessing of a clean heart, go twice or three times from the altar toward the vestry and then return without going to the secretary, the tempter telling her each time that the witness of purity was not sufficiently clear to warrant the solemn act of having her name written "*wholly sanctified*." It is thus that we have reason to *know* that the numbers reported are rather below than above the mark. The act of coming before a large concourse of people is of itself a confession of Christ. And I am prone to believe that there are few who thus openly deny themselves, and acknowledge Christ, but are acknowledged by Christ, though they may not always be enabled to testify with a certainty that would lead them to have their names recorded. You can easily see how the reportings under such circumstances are more likely to be under than above the mark. Another great advantage is, that it helps to give stability. Many, many, very many times, have I said to those who have been newly translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, "now that you know that your name is written in heaven, it will be important that it should at once be written with God's

saved people on earth," and with an exultant countenance have I seen them return after the record has been made, a look that seemed to say

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine."

And perhaps the greatest advantage is still untold. The secretary should be carefully chosen, and assisted by some judicious friend to ascertain what place of worship the person has been in the habit of attending; and if not in the attendance of any special place, he feels of course free to tell him of the benefit of attending the class-meeting weekly.

Said a gay young lady who with her suitor were both converted the same evening, "We have been rolling stones till we were attracted here last Sabbath evening. Each evening since we have attended at these special services, we hoped to have courage to come out and confess our need of Jesus, but we were cowards." The gentleman was assigned to the class of Dr. W. of the Wesleyan Church. Dr. W. has been one of the most efficient helpers in this glorious work. It was found that this person had been a patient of the Dr.'s a few weeks previous.

I have before me at this moment an account given by the superintendent of a circuit where we labored about fifteen days. "All proselyting efforts have been carefully avoided. Persons who were the subjects of the work still remain with the churches to which they were previously more or less attached, and we have only received into our Society whom we might legitimately claim. Altogether 1400 names were taken down. After diligent visitation at their homes, they are accounted for thus:—627 were received on trial in the Wesleyan Society; members already of the Society who have received pardon,

with others now added 75; belonging to other churches 366; beyond our own circuit 175; declining to join a church at present 61; not found 66; not met with, though called upon, 30. Making in all 1400." We were informed that the communicants in the Established Church in that town were more than doubled since the revival.

The reports from another place are more encouraging. Not only was the residence carefully taken, but some brief notes of the calling, position, &c. of the newly saved one. The visitor thus aided found little difficulty in the prosecution of his work.

The noble band of visitors was composed of the three circuit ministers assisted by male and female class-leaders, and other responsible helpers. These met half an hour before the evening service in the Vestry, where the secretary's list was called over, and a portion assigned to each. The names handed over to the visitor were accounted for the next evening, and a new list given out. This secretary is at the head of a large business, which demands his daily care. Before leaving his room in the morning, he copied the names of the preceding evening and handed them over to one of the circuit ministers who usually breakfasted with us at his hospitable mansion. Thus every new-born lamb was handed over to some church community. Here and in many other places printed certificates were filled, commending the person to the care of the minister or people among whom their lot would be cast. However various may be the daily avocations of christians, they have one work to which all else must be subservient. This revival work is a business; it is the business to which we have devoted our lives. Though we

dare not, or cannot ask others to yield their time wholly, as we have done, we are not willing to labor at any place where ministers and people are not ready, for the time we remain, to give themselves up, as largely as possible, to the work.

Sacrifice which costs nothing, is not sacrifice in the sight of heaven. There is not a declaration in the New Testament more explicit than that which fell from the lips of Jesus, "Even so it is not the will of your Father, that one of these little ones should perish." It is the divine order that children be born to Zion, *through the agency of a working church*; that is God working through individual christians. Wondrous indeed is the worth of these little ones, though so newly born into the kingdom. No labor can be thought too great to save them from perishing.

All the so-called Revivalists brought together from all parts of the world, at the expense of millions of pounds could not convert a soul. All they can do is in obedience to the in-workings of an in-dwelling Trinity. The Father sent the Son to save the world; the Spirit has been sent forth to convince of sin—not a soul is saved but through the Triune Deity.

LIFE A CONFLICT.

The battle-field is every where,
Our foes lie close about our way;
Temptation, riches, want or care,
Renew the contest day by day.
And he who in the deathly fight,
Maintains his courage firm and strong,
Who keeps his armor pure and bright,
Shall win the victor's crown ere long.

ACTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.—The Acts of the Apostles is the title of the first book of Christian History. Their "*Resolutions*" have not reached us.

LIVING BY FAITH.

The sanctified christian professes a life which is suspended every moment by faith on the Son of God. He feels the imperious necessity of "beholding," by an eye of faith, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world"—of constantly "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith." His language is,

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merits of thy blood."

The justified christian stands at a fearful elevation, partly supported by a temporary scaffolding, and partly by a line let down, as it were, from the skies—while the sanctified are supported solely by faith's grasp upon this cord of love. But while he is thus stripped so entirely of all self-dependencies, and thereby rendered so perfectly dependent, he is freely admitted to the table of his Lord, feasts upon the richest dainties, is clothed with the most beautiful raiment, and admitted to the most intimate and perfect communion with his bountiful Lord and Master.

"O, glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings."

THE more a man lives, says Brooks, in the sight of gospel-grace, the more sin will be discountenanced, hated, resisted, and totally displaced. A man may as well assert that the sea burns, or that the fire cools, or that the sun darkens the air, as to assert that the sight, sense, or sweet gospel-grace will breed security or carnality, looseness or wickedness, in a saved heart.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. S. A. MILROY.

Scripture proofs of the attainableness of Entire Sanctification in this life.

Under this head we observed in a former number, 1. *God commands us to be holy.* 2. *God has promised to sanctify wholly.* 3. *Prayers are offered which teach the doctrine.*

We now remark,

4. *The Old and New Testament both afford us a number of instances of persons who achieved the triumphs of entire sanctification in this life.*—Time and space would fail us to speak distinctly of all the shining examples of holiness as they are recorded in the Bible. We can but refer to a few of them, as they are many. There was Enoch, the seventh from Adam, who “walked with God;” Abraham, the father of the faithful; Elijah, who went up to heaven in a chariot of fire; Job, whom the Lord pronounced “a perfect man;” and David says, “Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.” Special attention is invited to a perfect man—mark him; behold him; for he has made an entire consecration of himself to God, and his holy attainments are visible. He is characterized by perfect love and a corresponding life. He lives a holy life and dies a peaceful death. There is no mistake in regard to him. He is recorded as an unmistakable example of perfection for all subsequent ages. But the inference is that David wished to call the attention of men in every age of the world to such examples of holiness and uprightness as should from time to time appear before them, that they might take knowledge there-

by, and live accordingly. And I believe if we fail to mark and behold the examples of holiness which God has raised up to enlighten the world, and turn sinners from Satan and death unto righteousness and peace it is because we love darkness rather than light. Every such example is a burning star in the world, and will grow brighter as it nears the great center of spiritual light. But we find a number of examples in the New Testament, such as Simon and Anna, Zacharias and Elizabeth, who “walked in *all* the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless;” Paul, who was “changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the spirit of the Lord,” until at length he could say: “I am ready to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.” Here was a distinguished holy triumph over the enemy. Death lost its power, and its terrors were banished. He could say while living, “For me to die is gain;” and, “We know, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Thus can the sanctified Christian go down into the cold waters of death, and meet the monster in his own gloom-clad regions, singing,

“Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, King of Terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home!”

And there was the beloved John, whose heart and soul were enveloped in the white robes of righteousness, and lit up with the fire of perfect love;

and from whose inspired lips flowed streams of burning, holy eloquence, which are still running as glittering, shining threads of silver through the wilderness of sin; and along these streams you may behold hundreds and thousands hungering and thirsting for righteousness—seeking the fountain-head where “they shall be filled.”

“Perfect Love was his choicest theme;
He dwelt in God and God in him.”

We will quote one passage which fell from his lips: “There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment.” And now the test: “He that feareth is not made perfect in love.” This is all we contend for—perfect love in this life. The soul resting calmly, sweetly and peacefully in God. “Perfect love casteth out” the “fear of reproach, want, death and judgment.” “Love is the fulfilling of the law.” How can any one entertain a single doubt as to whether such a state of purity can be attained in this life, with the glowing language of the great Teacher before him? Hear: “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” Thus Jesus taught his disciples, and who will say that he referred to characters that never had lived, and never will live on the earth? To whom would this passage be applicable, if there never was, is not, and never can be any “pure in heart” in this life? When these words fell from the lips of Jesus there were none present who dared to call in question his doctrine, or contradict him. The Saviour spoke these words to encourage the “pure in heart” while pitching their tents amidst the storms and discouragements of life; and if they were not present, then, to hear words which are as apples of gold

in pictures of silver, they were somewhere, and would afterward be cheered, comforted and strengthened by the language which there fell from his hallowed lips. Thanks be to his name for what is written! The pure and stainless heart is blessed with happy and glorious anticipations; “They shall see God.”

“The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free!”

VII. *But some may say, These were all inspired men; and where now are your witnesses for holiness in this life?*

Suppose we could not produce one witness since the days of the apostles, would that disprove the doctrine of holiness as above set forth? Not in the least. But modern Christianity has a cloud of witnesses to produce in whose lives and conversation nothing has appeared to damage their testimony, or contradict their profession, among whom are the following: John Wesley, Whitefield, the seraphic Fletcher and wife, Lady Maxwell, James B. Taylor, Abbot, Payson, Fisk, Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Edwards, the holy Judson, &c. Many of the above have written quite extensively on the subject, and their works can be purchased very readily at any of the Methodist book depositories.

But from the days of the above let us come down to our own time. In the various Churches there are many who stand up for Jesus, and give their testimony in favor of the glorious doctrine of entire sanctification in this life. Many can say from blest experience that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Many have received its never-

failing power and testify :

"The truth, O Lord, has set me free,
For thou for me hast died ;
The Word and Spirit now agree,
And I am sanctified."

They can say, "Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed." In many of the revivals of the present day witnesses for holiness in this life are raised up. And I am of the humble opinion that the time will come when it will be a very common thing to hear of souls being sanctified—when justification and sanctification will go hand in hand and side by side. We cannot doubt, for ample provision is made through the blood of the Lamb for all our fallen race, to make them "every whit whole." May God raise up thousands whose mission in the world shall be to spread "scriptural holiness" throughout the lengths and breadths of the habitable globe! Then the Church shall put on her beautiful garments, and ride forth upon the clouds of light, shedding a luster upon everything, and the glory of the Lord shall be with her.

"Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole!"

Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

THAT care and diligence wherewith we ought to attend to our concerns, must never be confounded with anxiety and solicitude. The angels are careful for our salvation, yet never get agitated; care and diligence naturally result from their charity, whereas solicitude and anxiety are utterly incompatible with their felicity.

SALVATION.—Salvation was first a purpose, then a promise, then a work, then a gift, and at last, it is a glorious possession.

WHAT IS LIFE?

The mere lapse of years is not life: to eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book keeper and turn thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest; acts the best;

And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;

Lives in one hour, more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps, as it slips through
their veins.

Life is but a means to an end; that end,
Beginning, means and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

DEFECTIVE RELIGION.—A religion, says Howe, that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish one from the wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY MARIETTA MORSE.

I have been a reader of the Guide the past year, and have been greatly strengthened and cheered while reading in it the experiences of God's dear children; and have often been impressed with the conviction that I ought to give my testimony. I have often shrunk from bearing this cross, for various reasons: but being convinced that duty demands it at my hands, I will attempt it in the strength of Jesus, my ever present help.

My parents were members of the Congregational Church, and I was taught to believe that the doctrine of holiness was fanatical and presumptuous in the extreme. I was converted when quite young; but soon lost my enjoyment and sought for happiness in the unsatisfying things of the world. I was awakened from this delusive dream by affliction that was terrible, and for a time overwhelming. But God whose thoughts are not our thoughts, took this way to lead me back to himself. I do not intend to give a minute account of all my pilgrimage. For many years I believed it impossible to obtain full deliverance from sin until near death, but at length I found the burden so intolerable that I thought it could do no hurt to examine for myself those books that advocate the doctrine. My prejudices soon yielded to the force of truth; and I was convinced that it was the duty and privilege of believers to seek for full redemption, in the blood of the Lamb; yet there was a barrier that seemed almost insurmountable. I thought that none but those that had lived most devoted lives for years, could obtain this "pearl of great price,"

therefore the prize seemed far in the distance.

One year ago this winter, the pastor of the Troy Church commenced a series of meetings. From the commencement I was impressed with the conviction that I ought to seek and obtain the blessing of a clean heart. Then came such a struggle as I cannot describe; such loathing of inbred sin, such hungering and thirsting after righteousness. So entirely was my mind absorbed with this one desire, that much of the time I was lost to every thing that was passing around me. I was enabled by grace to make an entire consecration of all to the blessed Saviour. My faith was so strong that the blessing seemed almost within my grasp, but just at this point, I saw that I must confess it before the church and the world, or I could not obtain it. The conflict now was very great; for a short time I thought I never, *never* could be willing to do this, it was so unexpected that this should be required of me. I now felt that I must inform the Church of my desires and intentions, but as may be expected, this cross was exceeding heavy; it was with the greatest difficulty that I arose, and I do not now remember what I said. At the close of the meeting our pastor said he was glad there was one who was seeking for holiness of heart, and that the Church ought to seek for this great blessing. Oh! how like balm were his words to my wounded spirit; I spent that entire night in such agonizing prayer as I never had before. Just before the rising of the sun, the Sun of Righteousness arose upon my soul. Oh! what a transformation; I expected the change would be very great, but how much it exceeded my expectations. Christian reader, pause here, and offer an as-

cription of praise to the "Lamb that was slain, whose blood cleanseth from all sin."

I seized the blessed Bible, and O what a glory beamed forth from its sacred pages, such passages as "without holiness no man shall see the Lord" seemed to set my soul on fire. I next opened Wesley on Perfection; I was lost in wonder, love and praise, to find that every sentence but expressed the feelings of my renewed heart. Who could think it possible that such an overwhelming tide of glory could sweep through the soul? Even my very breath as it came and went caused a thrill of rapture that was indescribable, it seemed that at every pulsation of my heart it would break with excessive joy. Who can sufficiently praise such condescending love to a poor lost sinner?

The morning of my deliverance from the bondage of sin was Saturday. In the afternoon I attended a meeting at the house of our much loved pastor, but I could not give vent to my almost bursting heart, I felt the force of the expression "fire shut up in the bones." Sabbath morning dawned and what a glorious morning it was to me; the text preached from was this, "bring all the tithes into the store house." I felt that I had been enabled to comply with the requisitions of the text, and that I had gained the promised blessing, I thought perhaps I should be spared the ordeal I had so much dreaded. But I was enabled to say continually "Not my will, but thine be done." The enemy kept suggesting you will not be able to keep this great blessing, but I was enabled to repel him momentarily with the assurance that the grace of God was sufficient.

On Monday evening I attended meet-

ing and during prayer time I experienced an overwhelming sense of the presence and power of God, attended with a strange loss of strength. I felt to exclaim, "be still and know that I am God," I said a few words and fell into the lap of a good sister, I do not know as I was noticed until meeting closed, then there was a shout in the camp, some praying, some laughing. One young lady that had doubted the influence of the Spirit was immediately convinced of its power, and was made happy in the Lord. With regard to myself, it seemed that I had been a wanderer in earnest search of my Father's house, when at length it burst upon my glad vision. But just here I saw the eyes of the world, and still worse of the Church fixed upon me, I shrunk back and exclaimed, let me come some other way? but no, I must come that way. I made a desperate effort and just reached the arms of everlasting love. So really did I seem encircled by the arms of Jesus my Saviour that I could not bear to be moved from the spot where I was.

Thus was I led into the rest of perfect love. I have had some seasons of heaviness since that time, but most of the time I am rejoicing in the blessed consciousness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. Oh! how I long to see this blessed assurance, of sins all washed away by the blood of Jesus, imparted to all his professed followers. But alas! there are but few that are seeking for it. How much the ministers of the gospel need the baptism of fire; God speed the day when both ministers and people shall awake and put on the beautiful robe of Christ's righteousness. Then victory will turn on the side of Zion. That the Lord would cut short the work in

righteousness, is the earnest prayer of the writer.

EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently
on)

The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its
season ;

I shall still be remembered by what I have
done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in Spring
I have sown ;

He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed
by the reaper,

He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have
spoken,

Not myself, but the seed that in life I have
sown,

Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I
have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying,

So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown ;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be re-
membered ;

Yes,—always remembered by what I have
done.

Bonar.

A HINT TO PREACHERS.—McGhee, the commentator, makes the remark, "The manna from heaven was given for food, and not for chemical analysis. The 'living bread that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world,' was given to support, to nourish, and to save ; and not to supply a subject for vain and speculative theories." How true is this, and how mistaken the ministers of religion, who, in their pulpit refinements forget that the children of the kingdom are waiting for their nourishing bread.

THE oil of the lamp in the temple, said McCheyne, burnt always in giving light ; so should we.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

This is a question which agitates many hearts. Much speculation has been indulged upon it, but no satisfactory conclusion has been reached. For our part we have had but one opinion of it from the beginning. This war is a DIVINE VISITATION FOR NATIONAL SINS. Not the sins of one section, but of the nation. We are all verily guilty before God and happy is the man who in this day of crimination and recrimination, can turn his eye inward and see the personal sins for which God is calling him and in like manner every other man to a place in the dust before him. Till then, we have little hope that this scourge will cease. Oh that the church instead of pandering to the spirit of the age, would take the lead in this work of personal humiliation. The following extract of a letter from Southern Virginia which we clip from the *Zion's Herald* of this city, so fully expresses our own sentiments on this subject that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers. Read it, beloved, and let it like Daniel lead you to make your confessions in behalf of yourself and your country and seek "by prayer and supplications, with fasting and sackcloth, and ashes" to stay the hand of vengeance. Eds.

THE WORLDLY SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Our mighty mechanical enterprise, our unparalleled commercial prosperity, our wide-spreading agricultural interests, all tell of the ascendancy of material thoughts, material arrangements, material accumulations. These are the subjects of meditation, conversation, congratulation. Who is not well-to-do in these worldly matters is of little moment in society ; and well-to-do means the securing of a fortune. For the expensiveness of the times demand this. Some have secured one, and are so far contented. Others are following to the same end. The parents are seeking one for themselves and children ; the children demand one to meet the exactions of society. The dress of the church is as costly as that

of the theatre. The rich have gone on to perfection in this matter, and the poor are following hard after. The possessors of fortunes take the front seats, and thousands are imitating the same luxury on borrowed capital. In church and in state, at home and abroad, in the city and in the country, the worldly spirit has crept fearfully in. It is manifested in hearts that cling to ideas unchristian and wicked as those that believe in slavery, in intemperance, in lechery. And as certainly is it seen, where right ideas are intellectually held, in dress, in luxury, and in the refinements of our so-called civilization.

This spirit exists in the North, in the South, in the East and in the West. In New England it calls itself mechanical ingenuity and inventive genius. In the Middle States it takes the name of Mineral Research and Coal Supply. The West gives it the title of Agricultural Enterprise. The South assumes to call it the spirit of the Patriarchal age, though it is the spirit of slavery and oppression.

Now this worldly spirit, flowing into channels legitimate and illegitimate, is scanned and measured by our heavenly Father. Its great cropping out is in intemperance—its greater in slavery, its greater in rebellion; but it is cropping out everywhere, in all the lanes and avenues of society, in palaces and cottages, in your heart and mine. Its mightiest growth is in the great sins and rebellions of the age, and we look hitherward and forget the wicked worldly spirit of our own hearts.

Our National Constitution names not the Redeemer of worlds; our Presidents dare not speak the name of Jesus in their messages, though his blood alone can cleanse the source of wrong; our public men think it *illiberal* if we

affirm that all prosperity comes through Christ only, and in our private walks and lowly cottages we have yielded to this same spirit.

I do not say that Christianity has died out—I do not say the church of the living God has forgotten its Master—I do not say the watchmen upon the walls of Zion are unmoved by eternal realities—I do not say there are no Christians of lowly demeanor, who love to walk amid the serenities of heaven; but I do say that the tide of worldly wisdom has risen higher, and extends wider, and sweeps on more rapidly than the tide that is unquestionably setting toward the heavenly shores.

Now what shall check this onward sweep of the worldly spirit that is liable to bear us all away? We have had revivals, and still the tide rolls on; we have had financial convulsions and distress, but still pride and folly reign; we have had the ordinary measure of pain and death, and still our extravagance is but little checked.

Now the tide of sin unchecked by these means ordinary and extraordinary, must roll higher and higher till it breaks. In our case it rose to its extreme height in the Southern States, and broke in the engulfing rebellion. War follows. And it is this war that our heavenly Father purposes to employ, in removing this worldly spirit. Other means have failed, let this be tried. How?

1. Every family is to be represented. And as our sons and brothers, husbands and fathers leave home, with the likelihood of never seeing it again, our hearts losing human support, are led to lean on Christ.

2. As the war progresses, one dead lamb will be found in every flock. A son will be buried where southern suns

forever shine; and waving pines shall nod to the melancholy sighings of the breeze. Our sorrows will increase, and we shall be led to lean on Christ still more.

3. In connection with these sorrows the burdens of taxation will come. The beds on which we sleep, the floors on which we walk, the panes of glass through which we look, the paper on which we write will be covered all over with the word "taxes." Then we shall begin to sigh for the mansions of glory, where taxes are unknown.

I might go on; but this will answer. A short war would have been unfruitful of such results. The prolongation is needed. The same result in a like manner, only to a greater degree, will take place in the South. Meantime slavery will be abolished and the colored man shout for joy.

4. But you get along without generalship or armies, says some one. Not at all. To-day a man is peevish, fretful and passionate. Nothing goes well. He plans poorly, executes poorly, and the result is bad. The next day peevishness is gone, fretfulness has departed, and passion subsided. His vision is clear, and his heart heavenly. He plans well, executes well, and the result is good. Now the nation, with its generals and soldiers, is in the first day's condition. The prolongation of the war will bring us all into the second day's condition; when looking to Christ, vision will be clear, plans good, and execution admirable. Then victory will be ours, and the war close up.

5. Meantime it is the duty of every good man to fall at the feet of Christ, to bring his friends there, if perchance through suffering and sorrow our nation may become less worldly, our generals less self-confident, and our soldiers more

given to heavenly devotion. Whether the army is made better or not, the families at home will become less worldly.

G. G. J.

HOPE.

When the fond heart doth sink full low,
From brightest objects riven,
And life's fair scenes look pale with woe,
And darkness circles pleasure's brow,
How sweet the thought of heaven!

When sorrow heaves the troubled breast,
Like waves by tempest driven,
When the hurt spirit, deep distressed,
Like wave-worn bark can find no rest,
How sweet the thought of heaven!

And when the dreams of life are fled,
And death's keen sting is given,
How calmly may we rest our head,
While angels circle round our bed
To wing our souls to heaven!

"Being dead she yet speaketh."

A minister at a funeral service lately said, his first acquaintance with our dear sister was at a Camp Meeting, a few years ago. He drew near a tent where a small number were seeking purity of heart, or higher life—when the soft voice of our now sainted sister fell upon his ear in the music of the following words,

"Call'd from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side."

He said he did not know that we had such precious verses in our Sacramental hymns, and ever since they were particularly dear to him. M. A.

IMPATIENCE IN TROUBLE—You add ten-fold to the weight of your troubles by impatience: "Be still, and know that I am God."